

G. V. M. Moyler.

Nigel Mayler
from his
great aunt Gladys Nov 1 1977

“DAILY EXPRESS”
COMMUNITY SONG BOOK

“ DAILY EXPRESS ”
COMMUNITY SONG BOOK

Collected and Edited
by

JOHN GOSS

Pianoforte Arrangements

by

GERRARD WILLIAMS
RALPH GREAVES
S. TAYLOR HARRIS
ARCHIBALD JACOB
KATHLEEN
MARKWELL
and others

Published by

“ DAILY EXPRESS ”
NATIONAL COMMUNITY SINGING MOVEMENT
23, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

Copyright in all countries by the London Express Newspaper, Ltd.

Copyright, U.S.A. 1927, by John Goss.

London: The London Express Newspaper, Ltd.

23, St. Bride Street, E.C.4.

Manchester: Great Ancoats Street.

Printed in England.

FOREWORD

ON the night of November 20th, 1926, ten thousand people assembled in the Albert Hall to launch the "Daily Express" Community Singing Movement.

There were a few minutes of shyness, strangeness, and timidity. Then suddenly, the spirit of song took complete command of the enormous audience. The chorus of "John Peel" swelled and volleyed round the great hall, and in that moment was born the astounding social movement that has since swept over the country like a prairie fire.

The story of the delight and the inspiration of Community Singing flashed from suburb to suburb, from town to town. Wireless had already brought the cheeriness and the friendliness of it all to millions of listeners who caught the infection and sang as they sat at their receiving sets.

From north, south, east and west there poured in requests that other centres should be given the opportunity of enjoying at first-hand the wonderful thing which London had so successfully inaugurated.

It was not a question of capturing communities, they capitulated joyously and eagerly. Within a

month the people of the Midlands were singing as they had never sung before. Wales, with her traditional genius for song, both found and gave inspiration in full measure. Northern cities and southern towns joined in the movement with irresistible enthusiasm.

Then came another and more dramatic development. The packed grounds of famous football clubs were turned into gigantic open-air concert centres. Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty thousand men and women provided unforgettable spectacles as they stood in wintry sunshine or biting wind to sing sea shanties, old, well-known choruses, and—most memorable of all—"God Save the King."

Villages and hamlets began to organise their own Community Singing. Churches, clubs, institutes, workshops, schools — practically every place where men and women gather—joined in.

Three months saw Great Britain turned into a land of song, and the whole country in the grip of a new force the social consequences of which, even now, are incalculable.

EDITOR'S NOTE

I WISH to express my gratitude to Mr. Geoffrey Shaw for several useful suggestions, and to Miss Kathleen Markwell for much valuable help in seeing this book through the press; and to thank the following publishers for permission to include a number of copyright songs:—

Messrs. J. Curwen & Sons for "Blow away the morning dew," "Strawberry Fair," "High Germany," "The Frog and the Mouse," "The Tailor and the Mouse," and "The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies O," from *English Folk Songs for Schools* (Cecil J. Sharp and S. Baring Gould); "Caleno Custure Me" from *Shakespeare Music* (E. W. Naylor); "Bobby Shafto" from *Songs, Ballads and Pipe Tunes of the North Countrie* (W. G. Whittaker); and "Shenandoah," "Blow the Man Down," "What shall we do with the Drunken Sailor," "Sally Brown," "Billy Boy," "Haul away Jo," "Fire Down Below," "The Sailor likes his Bottle O," "The Drummer and the Cook," "Tom's gone to Hilo," "Johnny come down to Hilo," and "Whisky Johnny" from *The Shanty Book*, Vols. 1 and 2 (Sir Richard Terry);

The Oxford University Press for "O Faith of England," "Ye Watchers and Ye Holy Ones," and "He who would Valiant Be" from *The English Hymnal*;

Messrs. Erskine Macdonald, Ltd., for "The Last Long Mile," "And when I Die," "Rolling Home," "Après la Guerre Fini," and "Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield," from *Tommy's Tunes and More Tommy's Tunes* (F. T. Nettleinghame);

Messrs. Boosey & Co., Ltd., for "Hullabaloo-balay" from *Six Sea Shanties* (S. Taylor Harris) and "Row, dow, dow or The Drum" from *Songs of Britain* (Martin Shaw and Frank Kidson);

Messrs. Hughes & Son, of Wrexham, for "Aberystwyth," and for "Land of my Fathers";

Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter, Ltd., for the words of the chorus of "Pack up your troubles in your old Kit Bag";

Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for "The Golden Vanity" and "The Cottage well Thatched with Straw" from *Songs of the West* (S. Baring Gould), and "Let Bucks a-hunting go" from *A Garland of Country Song* (S. Baring Gould and H. F. Sheppard);

Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd., for "Twanky-dillo" from *English County Songs* (Lucy S. Broadwood and J. E. Fuller Maitland) and "Shule Agra" from *Songs of the Four Nations* (Sir Harold Boulton and Arthur Somervell); also for "Ould John Braddlem";

Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd., for the words of "Come, here's to Robin Hood";

JOHN GOSS.

Lancaster Gate, February, 1927.

CONTENTS

SONGS

	PAGE		PAGE
AGINCOURT SONG, THE	English Song (1450) 9	GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME, THE	English (19th Century) 69
A-HUNTING WE WILL GO	Hunting Song 10	GLORY TO THEE MY GOD (Tallis' Canon)	Hymn 135
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH (Old Hundredth)	Hymn 11	GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES	Welsh Anthem 70
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT	Welsh Melody 12	GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN	Carol 71
AND WHEN I DIE	Army Song 103	GOD SAVE THE KING	National Anthem 72
ANGLER'S SONG, THE	English (17th Century) 13	GOLDEN SLUMBERS	English (17th Century) 73
ANNIE LAURIE	Scottish Song 14	GOLDEN VANITY, THE	Folk Song 74
APRÈS LA GUERRE FINI	Army Song 103	GOOD KING WENCESLAS	Carol 75
ARETHUSA, THE	Sea Song 15	GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!	Students' Song 76
A-ROVING	Sea Shanty 16	GREEN GROW THE RASHES O	Old Scottish 77
ASH-GROVE, THE	Old Welsh Song 17	GREEN GROW THE RUSHES, HO	Cumulative Song 139
AT THE HALT ON THE LEFT	Army Chorus 45		
AULD LANG SYNE	Old Scottish Song 18		
AYE WAUKIN' O!	Scottish Melody 19		
		HARP THAT ONCE, THE	Irish Melody 78
		HAUL AWAY JOE	Sea Shanty 79
		HEART OF OAK	Sea Song 80
BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON, THE	Old English 20	HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY	Cavalier Song 81
BARBARA ALLEN	Traditional English 21	HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN	Traditional 82
BARLEY MOW, THE	Drinking Song 22	HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE (Monks Gate)	Hymn 183
BAY OF BISCAY, THE	Sea Song 23	HIGH GERMANY	Somerset Folk Song 83
BEGONE! DULL CARE!	Old English 24	HOME, SWEET HOME	English Song 84
BEN BACKSTAY	Sea Song 25	HO-RO, MY NUT-BROWN MAIDEN	Highland Melody 85
BILLY BOY	Northumbrian Shanty 26	HULLABALOO BALAY	Sea Shanty 86
BLACK-EYED SUSAN	English (18th Century) 27		
BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW	Somerset Folk Song 28	I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD	Sea Song (18th Cent.) 87
BLOW THE MAN DOWN	Sea Shanty 29	I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL	Border Melody 88
BOAR'S HEAD CAROL, THE	Carol 30	I MARRIED A WIFE	Students' Song 89
BOATMAN, THE	Highland Song 31	I'SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE	American Song 92
BOBBY SHAFTOE	Northumbrian Song 32	ISLAND, THE	English (18th Century) 90
BONNIE CHARLIE'S NOW AWA'	Jacobite Song 33		
BONNIE DOON	Scottish Song 34	JESU LOVER OF MY SOUL (Aberystwyth)	Hymn 123
BONNIE DUNDEE	Old Scottish Melody 35	JOHN BROWN'S BODY	American Song 93
BRITISH GRENADIERS, THE	Regimental Song 36	JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO	Sea Shanty 94
		JOHN PEEL	Hunting Song 95
		JONES BOYS, THE	New Brunswick Fragment 55
CALENO CUSTURE ME	English (16th Century) 37		
CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN', THE	Scottish (18th Century) 38	KEEL ROW, THE	Tyneside Song 98
CAMPTOWN RACES	American Song 39	KING ARTHUR'S MEN	Old English Song 96
CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS?	Scottish Lullaby 40		
CA' THE YOWES	Old Scottish Melody 41	LAND OF MY FATHERS	Welsh Anthem 99
CHARLIE IS MY DARLING	Jacobite Song 42	LASS OF RICHMOND HILL, THE	English 18th Century 100
CHESAPEKE AND SHANNON,	Traditional (18th Century) 44	LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR, THE	Sea Song 101
CLEMENTINE	Students' Song 43	LAST LONG MILE, THE	Army Song 102
COCKLES AND MUSSELS	Irish Melody 46	LAST ROSE OF SUMMER, THE	Irish Melody 104
COCK ROBIN	Nursery Rhyme (Army Version) 47	LEATHER BOTTEL, THE	Drinking Song 105
COLD'S THE WIND	Old English 48	LET BUCKS A-HUNTING GO	Hunting Song 106
COME, HERE'S TO ROBIN HOOD	Old English 49	LILLIBURLERO	Anti-Jacobite Song (1688) 107
COME, LANDLORD, FILL	Drinking Song 50	LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER, THE	Folk Song 108
COME, LASSES AND LADS	English (17th Century) 51	LITTLE BROWN JUG, THE	Country Song 109
COME O'ER THE SEA	Irish Melody 52	LOCH LOMOND	Scottish Song 110
COMIN' THRO' THE RYE	Scottish Song 53	LONDONDERRY AIR, THE	Old Irish Melody 112
COTTAGE WELL THATCHED, A	Devon Folk Song 54	LOWLANDS	Sea Shanty 111
COVENTRY CAROL	Carol 56		
		MADemoisELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES	Army Chorus 45
DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK	Old Welsh 57	MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA	American Marching Song 114
DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN	Cavalier Song 58	MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH	Old Welsh Song 115
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES	English (17th Cent.) 59	MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND	American Song 116
DRUMMER AND THE COOK, THE	Sea Shanty 60	MEETING OF THE WATERS, THE	Irish Song 117
		MERMAID, THE	Sea Song 118
EARLY ONE MORNING	Traditional English 61	MILLER OF THE DEE, THE	English (17th Century) 119
EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES	Carol 62	MINSTREL BOY, THE	Irish Song 120
		MY BONNIE	American Song 121
FAITHFUL JOHNNY	Old Scottish 63	MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE, O	Scottish Song 124
FAREWELL TO FIUNARY	Scottish Melody 64	MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME	American Song 122
FARMER'S BOY, THE	Country Song 65		
FARMER'S DAUGHTERS, THE	Gloucester Folk Song 66	NEW YEAR'S NIGHT	Carol 125
FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT (Duke Street)	Hymn 11	NON NOBIS DOMINE	Grace 91
FIRE DOWN BELOW	Sea Shanty 67		
FROG AND THE MOUSE, THE	Somerset Folk Song 68		

SONGS—continued

		PAGE			PAGE
OAK AND THE ASH, THE	North Country Song	126	SO EARLY IN DE MORNING	American Song	162
O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL	Carol	127	SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN	Cornish Song	163
O FAITH OF ENGLAND (Psalm 68)	Hymn	128	SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN	Russian Song	164
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	Irish Melody	129	SPANISH LADIES	Sea Song	166
OLD BLACK JOE	American Song	130	STORMALONG	Sea Shanty	167
OLD FOLKS AT HOME, DE	American Song	131	STRAWBERRY FAIR	Somerset Folk Song	168
OLD KING COLE	Students' Song	132	SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT	Negro Spiritual	169
OLD MACDOUGAL HAD A FARM	Army Song	55			
OLD TOWLER	Hunting Song	134	TAILOR AND THE MOUSE, THE	Somerset Folk Song	172
ONE MAN WENT TO MOW	Army Song	136	THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN	Cornish Song	170
ONE MORE RIVER	Negro Song	138	THERE WAS A MAID WENT TO THE MILL	Folk Song	171
ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT	Yorkshire Song	140	THREE CROWS, THE	Students' Song	173
OULD JOHN BRADDLEUM	Country Song	141	THREE FISHERS	Ballad (19th Century)	174
O, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS	English Song	142	THREE RAVENS, THE	Old English Melody	175
O WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT	Scottish Drinking Song	143	TOM'S GONE TO HILO	Sea Shanty	176
	Army Chorus	45	TURN YE TO ME	Highland Melody	177
PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES	Carol	144	TWANKYDILLO	Cavalier Song	178
PEACEFUL NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT	Scottish (18th Century)	145			
PIPER O' DUNDEE, THE	American Song	146	UPIDEE	Students' Song	179
POLLY-WOLLY-DOODLE					
			VESPER HYMN	Russian Melody	180
RED RIVER VALLEY, THE	Canadian Song	147	VICAR OF BRAY, THE	18th Century Political Song	182
RICHARD OF TAUNTON DENE	Somerset Song	148	VIVE L'AMOUR	Students' Song	181
RIO GRANDE, THE	Sea Shanty	149			
ROBIN ADAIR	Scottish Version of Irish Melody	150	WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELDS	Army Chorus	97
ROLLING HOME	Army Chorus	97	WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS	Old Sea Song	184
ROW, DOW, DOW, OR THE DRUM	Old English Song	151	WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO	Sea Shanty	185
			WEST'S AWAKE, THE	Irish Song	186
SAFE STRONGHOLD, A (Ein' Feste Burg)	Hymn	152	WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?		
SAILOR LIKES HIS BOTTLE, O, THE	Sea Shanty	153		Sea Shanty	187
ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN	Irish Song	154	WHISKY JOHNNY	Sea Shanty	188
SALLY BROWN	Sea Shanty	155	WHO'S THAT A-CALLING	American Song	189
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY	English (18th Century)	156	WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A'	Old Scottish Melody	190
SCOTS WHA HAE	Scottish Song	157	WIDDICOMBE FAIR	Somerset Song	191
SHAN VAN VOCHT, THE	Irish Napoleonic Ballad	158	WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!, THE	Somerset Folk Song	192
SHENANDOAH	Sea Shanty	159			
SHULE AGRA	Old Irish	160	YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT (Darwall's 148th)	Hymn	113
SIR EGLAMORE	Old English (16th Century)	161	YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES	Easter Hymn	165

ROUNDS AND CANONS

COME FOLLOW	193	NOW ROBIN LEND TO ME THY BOW	195
GO, GO, BANISH	193	O MY LOVE	193
GO TO JOAN GLOVER	193	SUMER IS ICUMEN IN	196
GREAT TOM IS CAST	194	THREE BLIND MICE	196
HEY HO, TO THE GREENWOOD	194	UP AND DOWN	197
LET'S HAVE A PEAL	197	WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND	197
LONDON'S BURNING	195	WISEMEN, THE	197
MY DAME HATH A LAME TAME CRANE	195		

FOR THE VERY YOUNG

AH, POOR BIRD	202	LAVENDER'S BLUE	206
BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP	207	LION AND THE UNICORN, THE	205
BILLY BOY	200	LONDON BRIDGE	207
BINGO	201	LUCY LOCKET	206
DILLY DILLY	198	MAN IN THE MOON, THE	205
DING DONG BELL	203	NEEDLE'S EYE, THE	201
DOCTOR FOSTER WENT TO GLOSTER	203	OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?	206
FRÈRE JACQUES	202	PAUL'S STEEPLE	199
GREEN GRAVEL	200	POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON	199
HEY DIDDLE DUMPLING	203	SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON	205
HUNGRY OLD WOMAN, THE	198	THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN	205
IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER	198	THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE	207
I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE	203	THERE WAS A MAN OF THESSALY	208
I HAVE A LITTLE PONY	202	THREE DUKES WENT A-RIDING	201
IL ETAIT UNE BERGÈRE	204	THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM	208
I LOVE SIXPENCE	207	WEE WILLIE WINKIE	208
JOLLY MILLER, THE	204	WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY	
KING OF FRANCE, THE	204	PRETTY MAID?	199

THE AGINCOURT SONG

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

VOICE Loud and strong *f*

Our King went forth to Nor-man -
 Then for-sooth that Knight come -
 Their dukes and earls lords and bar -
 The gra-cious God now save our

PIANO *f pesante*

- dy, With grace and might of chiv-al - ry: The God for Him wrought mar'vous -
 - ly, In Ag-in-court field he-fought man - ly: Through grace of God most migh -
 - ons, Were ta-ken and slain and that well soon: And some were led in - to Lon -
 King, His peo-ple and all his well-will - ing: Give him good life and good end -

- ly, Where-fore Eng-land may call and cry } De - o gra - ti - as, De -
 - ty, he had both the field and the vic-to - ry. }
 - don, With joy and mirth and great re - nown. }
 - ing, That we with mirth may safe-ly sing. }

- o gra - ti - as An - gli - a red - de pro vic-to - ri - a.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

HENRY FIELDING

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Joyously

VOICE

SOLO

The dusk - y night rides
A brush - ing fox in
A - way he goes, he
At length his strength to

PIANO

down the sky, And ush - ers in the morn: The hounds all join in glor - ious cry, The
yon - der wood, Se - cure to find we seek; For why? I car - ried sound and good, For
flies, the rout Their steeds all spur and switch. Some are thrown in, and some thrown out, Some
faint - ness worn, Poor Rey - nard cea - ses flight, Then hun - gry home - ward we re - turn, Then

hounds all join in glor - ious cry, the hunts-man winds his horn, the hunts-man winds his horn,
why? I car - ried sound and good, a cart - load there last week, a cart - load there last week,
are thrown in, and some thrown out, And somethrown in the ditch, and somethrown in the ditch,
hun - gry homeward we re - turn, To feast a - way the night, to feast a - way the night.

CHORUS

Then a - hunt - ing we will go (will go) a hunt - ing we will go a

hunt - ing, hunt - ing we will go a hunt - ing we will go.

★ ALL PEOPLE THAT ON EARTH DO DWELL

11

"OLD HUNDREDTH"

Slow and dignified

All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer - ful voice;
 The Lord, ye know, is God in - deed, With - out our aid He did us make;
 O en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to;
 Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him, and re - joice.
 We are His folk, He doth us feed And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways For it is seem - ly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good:
 His mercy is for ever sure;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom heaven and earth adore,
 From men and from the angel-host
 Be praise and glory evermore.

★ From "The English Hymnal"

★ FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT

"DUKE STREET"

J. HATTON

In moderate time

Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy strength, and Christ thy right;
 Run the straight race through God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek his face;
 Cast care a - side, up - on thy guide Lean, and his mer - cy will pro - vide;
 Faint not nor fear, his arms are near, He chang-eth not, and thou art dear,
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Lean, and the trust-i. g soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

★ From "The English Hymnal"

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

VOICE **With conviction** **SOLO**

Deep the si - lence
Star of Faith the

PIANO

CHORUS **SOLO**

'round us spread-ing, } All through the night;
dark a - dorn - ing }

Dark the path that we are tread-ing, }
Leads us fear-less t'wards the morn-ing, }

PIANO

CHORUS **SOLO**

All through the night. Still the com - ing day dis - cern - ing, By the hope with -
Though our hearts be wrapt in sor - row, From the hope of

PIANO

CHORUS

- in us burn-ing, To the dawn our foot - steps turn - ing, } All through the night.—
dawn we bor - row Prom - ise of a glad to - mor - row, }

PIANO

THE ANGLER'S SONG

13

ISAAC WALTON

(HENRY LAWES)

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

At moderate pace, with good rhythm

PIANO *mf*

SOLO *mf*

Man's life is but vain, For 'tis sub - ject to pain And sor - row, and
But we'll take no care When the weath - er proves fair, Nor will we vex

short as a bub - ble; 'Tis a hodgepodge of busi - ness, and mon - ey, and care, And
now though it rain; We will ban - ish all sor - row, and sing till to - mor - row, And

CHORUS

care, and mon - ey, and trou - ble. 'Tis a hodgepodge of busi - ness, and
an - gle and an - gle a - gain. We will ban - ish all sor - row, and

mon - ey, and care, And care, and mon - ey, and trou - ble.
sing till to - mor - row, And an - gle, and an - gle a - gain.

ANNIE LAURIE

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Not too slow

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody begins with a half note G4, followed by a quarter note A4, and then a series of eighth and sixteenth notes. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern. The piece concludes with a half note G4.

SOLO (*ad lib.*)

The first system of the solo section is in 4/4 time, marked *p* (piano). The melody in the right hand is accompanied by a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "Max - wel - ton's braes are bon - ny Where ear - ly falls the dew And it's Her brow is like the snow-drift, Her neck is like the swan, Her Like dew on the gow-an ly - ing, Is the fa' o' her fair - y feet: And like".

The second system of the solo section continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "there face that An - nie Laurie G'ied me her prom - ise true. G'ied face winds it is the fairest sighing, That me'er the sun - shone on. That Her in sum - mer is low and sweet. Her".

CHORUS

The first system of the chorus is in 4/4 time, marked *dim.* (diminuendo). The melody in the right hand is accompanied by a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are: "me her pro - mise true, Which ne'er for - got will be, And for e'er the sun shone on, And dark blue is her e'e; And for voice is low and sweet, And she's a' the world to me; And for".

The second system of the chorus continues the melody and bass line. The lyrics are: "bon - ny An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee. bon - ny An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee. ben - ny An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me doon and dee." The piece concludes with a half note G4.

gva

THE ARETHUSA

(W. SHIELD)

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

PRINCE HOARE

Bright and well marked

VOICE

SOLO

PIANO

Come all - ye - jol - ly
'Twas with the Spring fleet
The fight was off the

CHORUS

sai - lors bold, Whose hearts are cast in hon - our's mould, While Eng - lish glo - ry I un - fold Hur -
she went out, The Eng - lish Chan - nel to cruise a - bout, When four French sail in show so stout, Bore
Frenchman's land, We drove them back up - on their strand, For we fought till not a stitch would stand, Of the

SOLO

- rah for the A - reth - u - sa! She is a fri - gate tight and brave As e - ver stemm'd the
down on the A - reth - u - sa! The famed Belle Poule straight a-head did lie, The A - reth - u - sa
gal-lant - A - reth - u - sa! And now we've driven the foe a-shore, Never to fight with

O - cean wave; Her men are staunch to their fav - 'rite launch; And when the foe shall
seemed to fly, Not a sheet or a tack or a brace did she slack, Though the French-men laughed and
Bri - tons more, Let each fill a glass to his fav - 'rite lass, A health to our Captain and

CHORUS

meet our fire Soon - er than strike we'll all ex - pire!
thought it stuff; But they knew not the hand-ful of men so tough On board of the A - reth - u - sa!
of-fi-cers true, And all that be-longed to that jo - vial crew

A-ROVING

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With a steady swing

PIANO

SOLO CHORUS SOLO CHORUS

In Plymouth town there liv'd a maid,
I took this fair maid for a walk,
O didn't I tell her sto-ries too,
But when we'd spent my bloom-ing screw,

(Bless you, young wo - men,)

In Plymouth town there liv'd a maid,
I took this fair maid for a walk,
O didn't I tell her sto-ries too,
But when we'd spent my bloom-ing screw,

mind what I — do say,)

In Plymouth town there liv'd a maid And she was mis - tress of her trade; I'll
I took this fair maid for a walk And we had such a lov - ing talk; I'll
O didn't I tell her whop-pers too Of the gold I found in Tim-buc-too; I'll
But when we'd spent my bloom-ing screw, She cut her stick and van-ish'd tuc; I'll

CHORUS

go no more a - rov - ing With you, fair maid.
go no more a - rov - ing With you, fair maid.
go no more a - rov - ing With you, fair maid.
go no more a - rov - ing With you, fair maid.

A - rov - ing, a - rov - ing, since rov-ing's been my

ru - i - in, I'll go no more a - rov - ing with you, fair maid, maid.

Verses 1 to 3 D.S. Last time

THE ASH GROVE

17

Moderate speed and with accent

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

PIANO

Piano introduction in G major, 3/4 time. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4.

First verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: 1 Down yon - der green val - ley, Where stream - lets me an - der, When Or at the bright noon - tide, in sol - i - tude wan - der, And 2 Still glows the bright sun - shine o'er val - ley and moun - tain, Still Still trem - bles the moon - beam on stream - let and foun - tain, But

Second verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: twi - light is fad - ing, I pen - sive - ly rove. Twas there, while the in the dark shades of the Lone - ly Ash Grove. With sor - row, deep war - bles the black - bird its note from the tree; what are the beau - ties of na - ture to me? Repeat

Third verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: black - bird was cheer - ful - ly sing - ing, I first met my dear one, the sor - row, my bo - som is la - den, All day I go mourn - ing in

Fourth verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: joy of my heart! A - round us for glad - ness the blue - bells were search of my love, Ye ech - oes! oh tell me, where is the sweet rall. p a tempo

Fifth verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are: ring - ing; Ah then lit - tle thought I how soon we should part! maid - en? "She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

AULD LANG SYNE

BURNS

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

VOICE

Should auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got and ne-ver brought to min'? Should
And here's a hand my trust-y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll

PIANO

auld ac-quaint-ance be for-got, and days o' lang— syne? For
tak' a right gude wil-ly-waught For auld— lang— syne.

auld— lang— syne, my dear, for auld— lang— syne, We'll

tak' a cup of kind-ness yet for auld— lang— syne.

AYE WAUKIN' O!

BURNS

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

VOICE *Slowly and sadly* *mp* SOLO

O, I am wat, - wat,
Spring's a pleas-ant time,
Lane - ly night comes on,

PIANO *p*

O, I'm wat and wear - y, Yet fain wad I rise and rin, If I thocht I wad meet my dear - ie.
Flowers of ev'-ry col - our, The wat - er rins o'er the neugh, And I long- for my lov - er.
A' the lave are sleep - in', I think on my true love And I bleer my een wi' greet - in'.

mp CHORUS

Aye wauk - in' O! Wauk-in' aye and eer - ie Sleep I can get

mp

nane for think - ing o' my dear - ie Aye wauk - in' O!

p *mp*

THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

On the quick side

VOICE

PIANO *mf*

There
But—
When
And—

was a youth, and a well-be-lov-ed youth, And he was the squire's son, He—
she was coy and nev-er would, On him her heart bes-tow, Till
sev-en years had pass'd a-way, She put on neat at-tire, And
as she went a long the road, Through weath-er hot and dry, She

loved the bail-iff's daugh-ter dear That lived in Is-ling-ton.
he was sent to Lon-don town, Be-cause he lov'd her so.
straight to Lon-don she would go, A-bout him to en-quire.
rest-ed on a gras-sy load, And her love came rid-ing by.

5

"Give me a penny, thou'prentice good
Relieve a maid forlorn!"
"Before I give you a penny, sweetheart
Pray tell me where you were born?"

6

"Oh I was born at Islington!"
"Then tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of that place?"
"She died, sir, long ago"

7

"If she be dead, then take my horse
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land
Where no man shall me know?"

8

"O stay, O stay, thou gentle youth,
She standeth by thy side!
She's here, alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride!"

BARBARA ALLEN

21

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

VOICE *In narrative style*

PIANO *p*

mp In

Scar-let town, where I was born, There was a fair maid dwell-ing, Made

ev-'ry youth cry- well- a- day, Her name was Bar - b'ra Al - len.

2

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swelling,
Young Jemmy Grove on his deathbed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

3

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came:
"Young man, I think you're dying!"

4

When he was dead and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"O mother, mother, make my bed
For I shall die tomorrow."

5

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;"
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen.

THE BARLEY MOW

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Loud and hearty

PIANO

Piano introduction in G major, 6/8 time. The melody is played in the right hand with a strong, rhythmic pattern, while the left hand provides a steady bass accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Loud and hearty'.

SOLO

Vocal solo section. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: 'Here's a health to the Bar - ley Mow my boys, A health to the Bar - ley'.

Vocal and piano section. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: 'Mow We'll drink it out of a nut - brown bowl, We'll drink it out of a pint my boys, We'll drink it out of a gal - lon my boys, We'll drink it out of the riv - er my boys, We'll drink it out of the o - cean my boys, A'.

CHORUS

Chorus section. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 'health to the Bar - ley Mow The nip - per - kin pip - per - kin and the brown bowl A'.

Final piano section. The melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 'health to the Bar - ley Mow my boys, A health to the Bar - ley Mow'.

THE BAY OF BISCAV

(JOHN DAVY)

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Not too fast, but brisk

SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

Loud roar'd the dread-ful
Now dashed up on the
Her yield-ing tim-bers

thun-der, The rain a de-luge show'rs; The clouds are rent a-sun-der By—
bil-low, Our op-n'ing tim-bers creak, Each fears a wat-ry pil-low, None
se-ver, Her pitch-y seams are rent; When Heav'n, all boun-téous e-ver, Its—

light-ning's vi-vid pow'rs The night both drear and dark, Our poor de-vo-ted—
stop the dread-ful leak. To cling to slipp-ry shrouds Each breath-less sea-man—
bound-less mer-cy sent. A sail in sight ap-pears, We hail her with three

bark. Till next day there she lay In the Bay of Bis-cay,
crowds. As she lay till the day In the Bay of Bis-cay,
cheers. Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Bis-cay,

CHORUS

O. Till next day there she lay In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!
O. As she lay till the day In the Bay of Bis-cay, O!
O. Now we sail with the gale From the Bay of Bis-cay, O!

BEGONE! DULL CARE!

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Emphatically

VOICE

PIANO

Be -

- gone! dull care! I pri - thee be - gone from me! Be - gone! dull
Too much care will make a young man turn grey, And too much

care! You and I shall nev - er a - gree. Long time hast thou been
care Will turn an old man to clay. My wife shall dance and

tarr - ying here And fain thou would'st me kill, But i'
I will sing, So mer - ri - ly pass the day, For I

faith dull care, Thou nev - er shall have thy will.
hold it one of the wis - est things To drive dull care a - way.

BEN BACKSTAY

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Brightly

PIANO



SOLO

Ben Back-stay was a bo' - sun, He was a jol - ly boy, And none as he so mer - ri - ly Could
 Once, sail - ing with a cap - tain Who was a jol - ly dog, Our Ben and all his messmates got A
 So Ben - ny he got tip - sy Quite to his heart's con - tent, And lean - ing o'er the star-board side Right
 A shark was on the starboard side, And sharks no man can stand, For they do gobble up ev - 'ry-thing Just
 They threw him out some tack - ling To give his life a hope; But as the shark bit off his head - He
 At twelve o'clock his ghost appeared Up - on the quar - ter deck; "Ho, pipe all hands a - hoy!" he cried; From
 Through drink - ing grog I lost my life The same fate you may meet; So nev - er mix your grog too strong, But

pipe all hands a - hoy; Could pipe all hands a - hoy, Could pipe all hands a - hoy.
 dou - ble share of grog; A dou - ble share of grog, A dou - ble share of grog.
 ov - er - board he went; Right ov - er - board he went, Right ov - er - board he went.
 like the sharks on land; Just like the sharks on land, Just like the sharks on land.
 could - n't see the rope; He could - n't see the rope, He could - n't see the rope.
 me a warn - ing take; From me a warn - ing take, From me a warn - ing take.
 al - ways take it neat; But al - ways take it neat, But al - ways take it neat.

CHORUS

With a chip chop cherry chop Fol de rol riddle rop, Chip chop cherry chop Fol de rol ray, With a

chip chop cherry chop Fol de rol rid - dle rop, Chip chop cher - ry chop Fol de rol ray.

BILLY BOY

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fairly fast and well marked

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Where hev ye been aal the day, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?
 Is she fit to be yor wife, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?
 Can she cook a bit o' steak, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?
 Can she myek a fea - ther bed, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?

CHORUS

SOLO

Where hev ye been aal the day, me Bil - ly Boy? — I've been walk - in' aal the day With me
 Is she fit to be yor wife, me Bil - ly Boy? — She's as fit to be me wife As the
 Can she cook a bit o' steak, me Bil - ly Boy? — She can cook a bit o' steak, Aye, and
 Can she myek a fea - ther bed, me Bil - ly Boy? — She can myek a fea - ther bed Fit for

CHORUS

charm-in' Nan - cy Grey.
 fork is to the knife.
 myek a gair - dle cake. } And me Nan - cy kit - tl'd me fan - cy, Oh me charm-in' Bil - ly Boy.
 an - y sail - or's head.

JOHN GAY

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

(RICHARD LEVERIDGE, 1725?)

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Moderately slow

VOICE

PIANO

All in the downs the fleet was
William, who high up - on the
"O Su - san, Su - san, love - ly
"Believe not what the landmen
The boatswain gave the dreadful

moored, The streamers wav - ing in the wind, When Black-eyed Su - san came on
yard, Rocked by the bil - lows to and fro, Soon as her well - known voice he
dear, My vow shall al - way true re - main, Let me kiss off that fall - ing
say, Who tempt with doubts thy con - stant mind; They tell thee sail - ors when a -
word, The sails their swell - ing bos - oms spread; No lon - ger she must stay on

board, "O where shall I my true love find? Tell me, jo - vial sail - ors, tell me
heard, He sighed and cast his eyes be - low. Cords fly - swift - ly through his glowing
tear, We on - ly meet to part a - gain; Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall
way In ev - 'ry port a mis - tress find; Yet be - lieve them when they tell you
board; They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head. Her less - en - ing boat un - willing goes to

true, Does my sweet Wil - liam, does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - mong your crew?"
hands, As quick as light - ning, as quick as light - ning on the deck he stands.
be The faith - ful com - pass, the faith - ful com - pass that still points to thee."
so, For thou art pres - ent, for thou art pres - ent where - so - e'er I go."
land, "A - dieu!" she cries, "A - dieu!" she cries, and waves her li - ly hand.

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Briskly

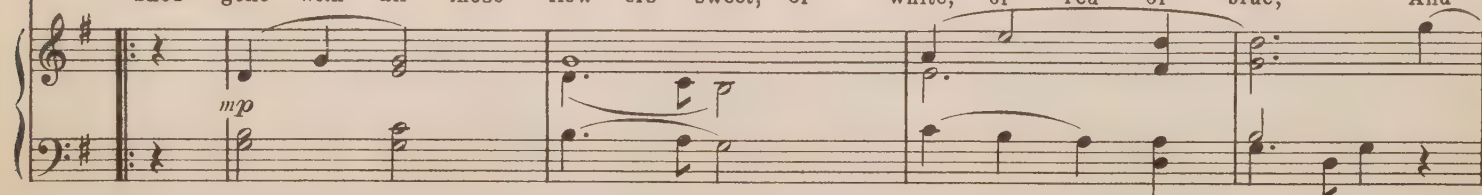
PIANO

mf

SOLO

mf

Up - on the sweet - est sum - mer - time, In the mid - dle of the morn, A
 She gath - ered up her love - ly flowers, And spent her time in sport; As
 The yel - low cows - lip by the brim, The daff - o - dil as well, The
 She's gone with all those flow - ers sweet, Of white, of red of blue, And

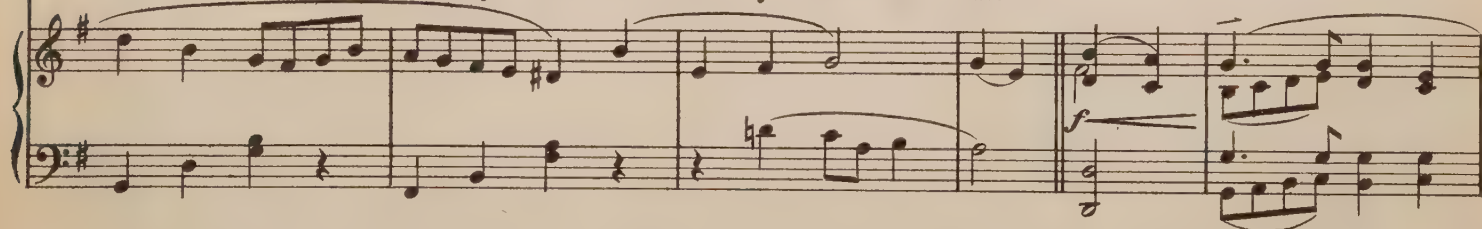


CHORUS

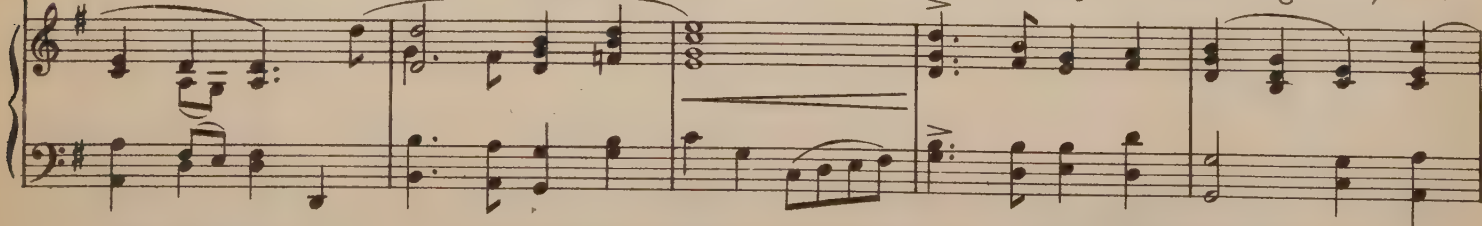
f

pret - ty dam - sel I es - pied, The fair - est ev - er born.
 if in pret - ty Cu - pid's bowers, She dai - ly did re - sort.
 tim - id prim - rose, pale and trim, The pret - ty snow - drop bell.
 un - to me a - bout my feet Is on - ly left the rue.

And sing blow a-way the



morn-ing dew, The dew and the dew, Blow a-way the morn-ing dew, How

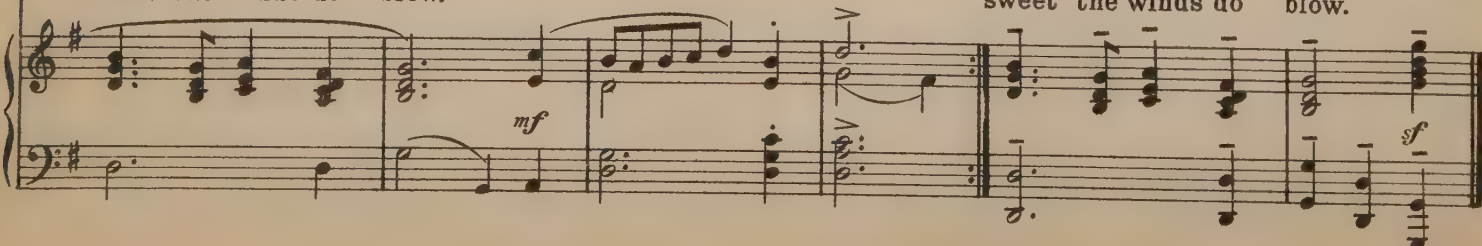


All except last chorus

Last chorus

sweet the winds do blow.

sweet the winds do blow.



BLOW THE MAN DOWN

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

With a swing

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

mf

CHORUS

f

O the blow the man down bul - lies, blow the man down, jammed
 O the rags they was gone And the chains they was street
 As I was a walk - ing down Par - a - dise
 I says to her, "Pol - ly, and how d' - ye do"
 O we'll blow the man up, and we'll blow the man down, To me

*mf**f*

way - ay blow the man down

SOLO

mf

O blow the man down bul - lies,
 And the skip - per, says he, Let the
 A sau - cy young dam - sel I
 Says she, "None the bet - ter for
 We'll blow him a - way in - to

mf

CHORUS

f

blow him a - way,
 wea - ther be hanged!
 hap - pened to meet
 see - ing of you"
 Liv - er - pool Town

O gim-me some-time to blow the man down.

THE BOAR'S HEAD CAROL

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

VOICE *With dignity* SOLO

The boar's head in hand bear I Be -
 The boar's head as I un - der - stand Is the
 Our steward hath pro - vid - ed this In

PIANO

- deckt with bays and rose - ma - ry, And I pray you my mas - ters
 rar - est dish in all this land, Which thus be - deckt with a
 hon - our of the King of bliss, Which on this day to be

be mer - ry, "Quot es - tis in con - viv - i - o."
 gay gar - ed - land Let us "ser - vi re can - ti - co."
 serv - ed is "In Reg - in - en - si At - ri - o."

CHORUS

Cap - ut a - pri de - fer - o Red - dens laud - es Dom - in - o.

THE BOATMAN

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

With longing

VOICE

SOLO

p

How of - ten
They call thee
Dost thou re -

PIANO

p

haunt - ing the high - est hill - top, I scan the o - cean thy sail to see. Wilt come to -
fic - kle, they call thee false one, And seek to change me, but all in vain. No, thou'rt my
- mem - ber the prom - ise made me, The tar - tan plaid - ie, the silk - en gown? The ring of

CHORUS

- night love, wilt come to - mor - row, Or ev - er come love to com - fort me?
dream yet through-out the dark night, And ev - 'ry morn yet I watch the main.
gold with thy hair and por - trait, That gown and ring I will nev - er own. }

Fhir a

bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, Fhir a

(va - ta) (va - ta)

bha - ta na ho - ro ei - le, O fare ye well love wher-e'er ye be.

(va - ta)

BOBBY SHAF-TOE

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fairly fast, and light

VOICE

CHORUS

Bob-by Shaf-toe's

FINAL CHORUS Bob-by Shaf-toe's

PIANO

f

sf

gone to sea,— Sil-ver buck-les on his knee;— He'll come back and mar-ry me,—
been to sea,— Sil-ver buck-les on his knee;— He's come back and mar-ried me,—

FINE SOLO

Bon-ny Bob-by Shaf-toe. Bob-by Shaf-toe's bright and fair, Comt-ing down his
Bon-ny Bob-by Shaf-toe. Bob-by Shaf-toe's tall and slim, He's al-ways dressed so
Bob-by Shaf-toe's gettn a bairn, For to dan-gle

f *FINE* *p*

yel-low hair, He's my ain for ev-er mair, Bon-ny Bob-by Shaf-toe.
neat and trim, The lass-ies they all keek at him, Bon-ny Bob-by Shaf-toe.
on his airm, On his airm and on his knee, Bon-ny Bob-by Shaf-toe.

BONNIE CHARLIE'S NOW AWA'

33

LADY NAIRNE

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Not slow

VOICE

SOLO

Bon - nie Charl-ie's now a - wa',
They trust - ed in your Hie - land men, They
Mony a gal - lant sod - ger fought,

PIANO

f

p

Left hand well marked

Safe - ly owre the friend - ly main; Mony a heart will break in twa, Should he ne'er come back a - gain.
trust - ed you dear Charl - ie, They k'ent you hid - ing in the glen, Death and ex - ile brav - ing.
Mony a gal - lant chief did fa'; Death it - self was dear - ly bought, A' for Scot - land's king and law.

CHORUS

Will ye no come back a - gain? Will ye no come back a - gain?

f

p

Bet - ter lo'ed ye can - na be, Will ye no come back a - gain?

f

BONNIE DOON

BURNS

Arr. ERIC MAREO

With a gentle sway

VOICE

PIANO

mp

CHORUS

mf

Ye banks and braes o' bon - nie Doon, How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair? How
Aft hae I rov'd by bon - nie Doon, To see the rose and wood-bine twine; And

can ye chant, ye lit - tle birds, And I sae wea - ry fu' o' care? Thou'lt
il - ka bird sang o' its love, And fond - ly sae did I o' mine. Wi'

break my heart thou warb - ling bird, That wan - tons through the flow - 'ry thorn: Thou
light - some heart I pnd a rose, Fu' sweet up - on its thorn - y tree; And

minds me o' de - part - ed joys, De - part - ed ne - ver to re - turn.
my fause lov - er stole my rose, But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

BONNIE DUNDEE

Sir WALTER SCOTT

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

In quick march time

SOLO

VOICE

To the Lords of Con - ven - tion 'twas
There are hills be - yond Pent - land and
A - way to the caves, to the

PIANO

p

Claver's who spoke, "Ere the king's crown shall fall, there are crowns to be broke; Then each cav - a - lier who loves
lands be - yond Forth, If there's lords in the low - lands, there's chiefs in the North; There are wild Duin - ne - was - sals, three
hills, to the rocks, Ere I own a u - sur - per, I'll couch with the fox; And trem - ble, false knaves, in the

CHORUS

hon - our and me. Let him fol - low the bon - net of Bon - nie Dun - dee"
thousand times three, Will cry 'hoigh' for the bon - net of Bon - nie Dun - dee.
midst of your glee, You have not seen the last of my bon - net and me. } Come fill up my cup, come

fill up my can, come sad - dle your hors - es and call up your men; Come

o - pen the West Port, and let me gang free, And it's room for the bonnets of Bon - nie Dundee.

THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS.

In march time

VOICE

PIANO

Some
When -
Then

talk of Al - ex - an - der, And some of Her - cu - les, Of
- e'er we are com - mand - ed, To storm the Pal - i - sades, Our
let us fill a bump - er, And drink a health to those Who

Hec - tor and Ly - san - der, And such great names as these; But of
lead - ers march with fus - es, And we with hand - gren - ades; We
car - ry caps and pouch - es, And wear the loup - ed clothes; May

all the world's brave he - roes There's none that can com - pare, With a
throw them from the gla - cis A - bout the en - e - mies' ears, Sing -
they and their com - mand - ers Live hap - py all their years, With a

tow row row row row row, To the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.
tow row row row row row, The Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.
tow row row row row row, For the Brit - ish Gren - a - diers.

CALENO CUSTURE ME

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

With feeling

VOICE

SOLO

PIANO

Your When as I
My a - zured
Long life with
and

CHORUS

view — your com — ly grace,
veins — much like the skies,
si — lence mov — ing sense,
vir — tue you pos — sess,

Cal - en - o — Cus -

SOLO

- tur - e me.

Your gol - den hairs and your an - gel
Your cor - al lips, — your crys - tal
Doth wish — of God, — with rev - er -
To match — those gifts — of worth - i -

CHORUS

All except last Chorus Last time

face
eyes —
- ence
- ness

Cal - en - o — Cus - tur - e me. me.

THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With a swing

PIANO

p *f* *p*

Ped sempre

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time. The right hand starts with a series of eighth notes, while the left hand plays a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Dynamics range from piano (p) to forte (f). A pedaling instruction 'Ped sempre' is written below the left hand.

CHORUS

The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho, The

The first line of the chorus features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The lyrics are 'The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho, The'.

Campbells are com-in' To bon - ny Loch Lev - en, The Campbells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho.

Finish here

The second line of the chorus continues the melody and accompaniment. It ends with the instruction 'Finish here'.

SOLO

Up on the Lom-onds I lay, I lay, — Up on the Lom-onds I lay, I lay, I lay, I
Great Argyle he goes be - fore, be - fore, — He makes the can-nons and guns to roar, Wi'
The Camp - bells they are a' wi' arms, — Their loy - al faith and truth to show, Wi'

p

The solo section begins with a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The lyrics describe a scene at Lom-onds. A piano dynamic (*p*) is indicated at the start of the solo.

look - it down — To bon - ny Loch Lev - en and saw — three bon - ny pi - pers play.
sound o' trum - pet, pipe — and drum — The Camp-bells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho.
ban - ners rat - tlin' in — the wind, — The Camp-bells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho.

The final line of the song continues the melody and accompaniment, ending with the lyrics 'The Camp-bells are com-in' O - ho, O - ho.'

CAMPTOWN RACES

(STEPHEN C. FOSTER)

39

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With vigour

SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song,
De long-tail filly, and de big black hoss,
Ole mu - ley cow come on to de track,
See dem flying on a ten mile heat,

CHORUS

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

Doo-dah,

Doo-dah!

De Camp-town race-track five miles long,
Dey fly de track an' dey cut a - cross
De bob-tail fling her ober his back
Roun' de race-track, den re - peat,

Doo-dah, Doo-dah - day!

I
De
Den
I

CHORUS

SOLO

come down dah wid my hat caved in,
blind hoss stickin' in a big mud hole,
fly a - long like de rail-road car,
win my money on de bob-tail nag,

Doo-dah,

Doo-dah!

I go back home wid a
Can't touch de bottom wid a
And run a race wid a
I keep my money in a

CHORUS

pocket full of tin,
ten foot pole,
shoot - in' star,
ole tow bag,

Doo-dah, Doo-dah - day!

Gwine to run all night,

Gwine to run all

All except last chorus Last time

day!

I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,

Some-bo-dy bet on de bay.

bay.

O CAN YE SEW CUSHIONS

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

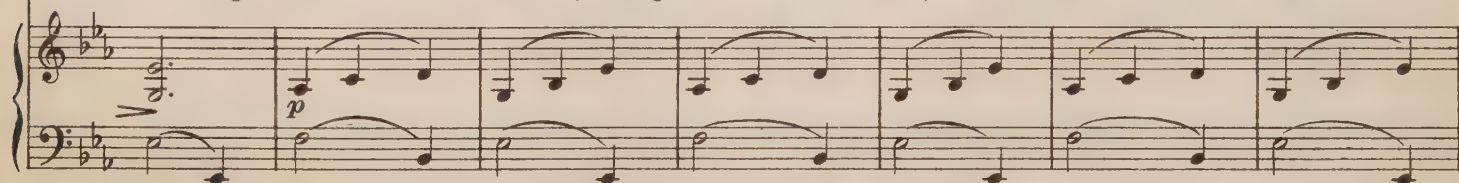
With a rocking rhythm

PIANO

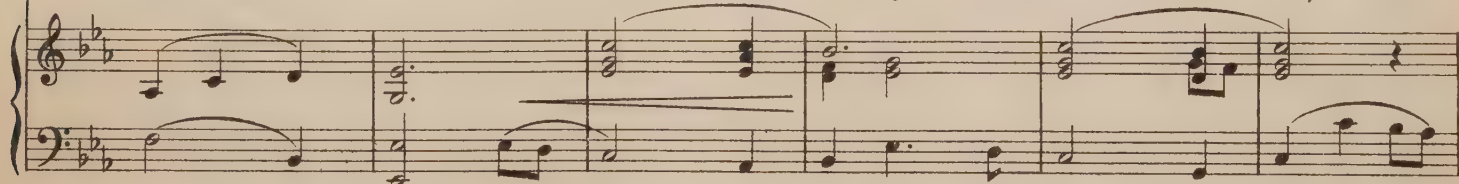


SOLO

O can ye sew cu-shions And can ye sew sheets And can ye sing Bal - la-loo
 Now hush - a-baw lam-mie, And hush - a-baw dear, Now hush - a-baw lam - mie, thy
 Sing bal - la-loo lam-mie, sing bal - la-loo dear, Does we lam-mie ken that its



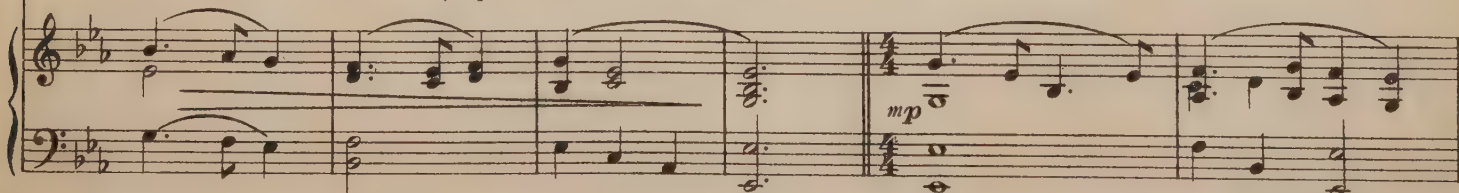
when my bon-nie greets. And hie and baw bird - ie, And hie and baw lamb, And
 min - nie is here The wild wind is rav - in' Thy min - nie's heart's sair, The
 dad - die's no here? Ye're rock - in' fu' sweet - ly On mam-mie's warm knee, But



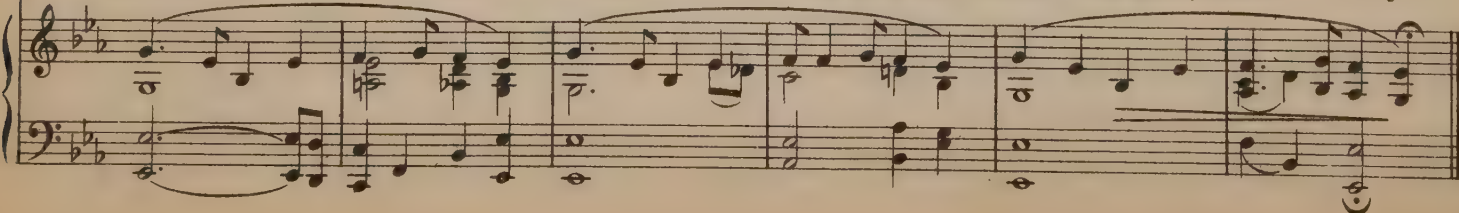
CHORUS

hie and baw bird - ie my bon-nie wee lamb.
 wild wind is rav - in' but ye din - na care.
 dad - die's a - rock - in' up - on the saut sea.

Heigh, O, Heugh O, What'll I do wi' ye?



Black's the life that I lead wi' ye, Mo - ny o' ye little to gi' ye, Heigh O, Heugh O, what'll I do wi' ye?



CA' THE YOWES

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Slowly and quietly

VOICE

CHORUS

mp

Ca' the yowes tae the knowes,

PIANO

*p**mp*

Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burn-ie rows My bon-nie dear - ie.

p SOLO

Hark the ma - vis evn - ning song, Sound in Clu - den's woods a - mang Then a-fauld - in
 We'll gae down by Clu - den-side, Through the ha - zels spread-ing wide O'er the waves that
 Fair and love - ly as thou art, Thou hasstow my ve - ry heart, I can dee but

mp CHORUS

let us gang My bon - nie dear - ie. Ca' the yowes tae the knowes,
 sweet - ly glide, To the moon sae clear - ly.
 can - na part, My bon - nie dear - ie.

Ca' them where the heather grows Ca' them where the burn-ie rows, My bon-nie dear - ie

CHARLIE IS MY DARLING

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

In rousing rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Char - lie is my dar - ling, my

dar - ling, my dar - ling, Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young chev - a - lier. 'Twas

on a Mon - day morn - ing, right ear - ly in the year, that Char - lie came to our town, The -
 he cam' marching up the street, The pipes play'd loud and clear; And a' the folk cam' rin-nin' out, To -
 Hie - land bon - nets on their heads, And clay-mores bright and clear, They cam' to fight for Scot-land's right, And the
 there were mon - y beat-ing hearts, And mon - y hopes and fears; And mon - y were the pray'rs put up For the

CHORUS

young chev - a - lier.
 meet the chev - a - lier.
 young chev - a - lier.
 young chev - a - lier.

Oh! Char - lie is my dar - ling, my dar - ling, my dar - ling,

Verses 1 2 & 3 **SOLO** **Last Verse**

Char - lie is my dar - ling, the young chev - a - lier. As
 Wi' Oh, young chev - a - lier.

CLEMENTINE

(PERCY MONTROSE)

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

VOICE *mf* SOLO

In a cav - ern, in a can - yon, Ex - ca -
 Light she was and like a fai - ry, And her
 Drove she duck - lings to the wa - ter, Ev - ery
 Saw her lips a - bove the wa - ter Blow - ing

PIANO *mf*

- vat - ing for a mine, Dwelt a min - er, for - ty nin - er, And his daugh - ter Clem - en - tine.
 shoes were num - ber nine, Her - ring box - es with - out top - ses, Sandals were for Clem - en - tine.
 morn - ing just at nine, Hit her foot a - gainst a splin - ter Fell in - to the foam - ing brine.
 bub - bles might - y fine, But a - las! I was no swim - mer, So I lost my Clem - en - tine.

CHORUS

Oh my darl - ing, oh my darl - ing, oh my darl - ing Cle - men - tine! Thou art

lost and gone for ev - er, dread - ful sor - ry, Cle - men - tine!

5
 SOLO Then the miner, forty niner,
 Soon began to peak and pine,
 Thought he oughter jine his daughter,
 Now he's with his Clementine.

CHORUS Oh my darling etc.

6
 SOLO In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
 Robed in garlands soaked in brine;
 Though in life I used to hug her,
 Now she's dead I draw the line.

CHORUS Oh my darling etc.

7
 SOLO How I missed her, how I missed her,
 How I missed my Clementine,
 But I kissed her little sister,
 And forgot my Clementine.

CHORUS Oh my darling etc.

THE CHESAPEKE AND SHANNON

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly fast

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Fairly fast' and 'PIANO'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody in the treble staff is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with quarter and eighth notes.

mf SOLO

The Ches - a - peke so bold — out of Bos - ton, I am told, — Came to
 The Brit - ish frig - ate's name, — that for the pur - pose came. — To
 The fight had scarce be - gun — when the Yan - kees, with much fun, — Said, "We'll
 But — they soon ev - 'ry one — flinched from the gun, — Which at

The vocal solo is marked 'mf' and consists of a single melodic line in the treble staff. The lyrics are written below the staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment continues with a simple harmonic line in the bass staff.

take a Brit - ish frig - ate neat and hand - y, O! The peo - ple, of the port came —
 tame the Yan - kees' cour - age neat and hand - y, O! Was the Shan - non, Cap - tain Broke, with his
 tow her in - to Bos - ton neat and hand - y, O! And I 'kal - ki - late' we'll dine, with our
 first they thought to use so neat and hand - y, O! Brave Broke, he waved his sword, cry - ing,

This section contains the second verse of the song. It features a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic line.

out to see the sport, With their mus - ic play - ing "Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy, O!"
 crew all hearts of oak, And in fight - ing, you must know, he was the dan - dy, O!"
 lass - es drink - ing wine, And we'll dance the jig of 'Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy, O!"
 "Now, my lads, let's board, And we'll stop their play - ing 'Yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy, O!"

This section contains the third verse of the song. It features a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic line.

f CHORUS

Yan - kee doo - dle, yan - kee doo - dle dan - dy O!

The peo - ple of the port came
 Was the Shan - non, Cap - tain Broke, with his
 And I kal - 'ki - late' we'll dine, with our
 Brave Broke, he waved his sword, cry - ing,

The chorus is marked 'f' and consists of a vocal line in the treble staff and a piano accompaniment in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes. The piano accompaniment consists of a simple harmonic line.

out to see the sport, With their mus-ic play-ing "Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy, O!"
 crew all hearts of oak, And in fight-ing, you must know, he was the dan - dy, O!"
 lass-es drink-ing wine, And we'll dance the jig of 'Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy, O!"
 "Now my lads, let's board, And we'll stop their play-ing 'Yan-kee doo-dle dan - dy, O!"

5 SOLO He scarce had said the word, when they all jump'd on board SOLO Then here's to all true blue, both officers and crew,
 And they hauled down the ensign neat and handy, O! Who tamed the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O!
 Notwithstanding all their brag, the glorious British flag And may it ever prove in battle, as in love,
 At the Yankees' mizen-peak it looked the dandy, O! The true British sailor is the dandy, O!

CHORUS Yankee doodle etc., CHORUS Yankee doodle etc.,

AT THE HALT, ON THE LEFT

Quick march time

At the halt, on the left, form pla-toon! At the halt, on the left, form pla-toon! If the
 odd numbers don't mark time two pa - ces, How the deuce can the rest form pla-toon?

MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIÈRES

In rousing march time

Par - lez - vous,
 Par - lez - vous,
 In - ky, pin - ky, Par - lez - vous.

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,
 And smile, smile, smile.
 While you've a lucifer to light your fag,
 Smile, boys, that's the style.
 What's the use of worrying?
 It never was worth while, so
 Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag
 And smile, smile, smile.

COCKLES AND MUSSELS

At a moderate pace

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

PIANO

mf

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in the key of D major. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line is primarily quarter and eighth notes.

SOLO

In Dub-lin's fair ci - ty, where girls are so pret - ty, I first set my eyes on sweet
 She was a fish-monger, but sure 'twas no won - der, For so were her fath - er and
 She died of a fev - er, and no one could save her, And that was the end of sweet

Mol - ly Ma - lone, As she wheel'd her wheel - bar - row through streets broad and nar - row, Cry - ing,
 moth - er be - fore; And they each wheel'd their bar - row through streets broad and nar - row, Cry - ing,
 Mol - ly Ma - lone; Her ghost wheels her bar - row through streets broad and nar - row, Cry - ing,

CHORUS

Coc - kles and Mus - sels! a - live, a - live oh! } A - live, a - live oh! - A -
 Coc - kles and Mus - sels! a - live, a - live oh! }
 Coc - kles and Mus - sels! a - live, a - live oh! }

- live, a - live oh! - Cry - ing Coc - kles and Mus - sels a - live, a - live oh!

COCK ROBIN

ARMY VERSION

47

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

VOICE SOLO

Who killed Cock Robin? "I" said the spar-row, "With my bow and ar-row, I killed Cock Robin!"
 Who saw him die? "I" said the fly, "With my lit-tle eye, I saw him die!"
 Who'll toll the bell? "I" said the bull, "Be-cause I can pull I'll toll the bell!"
 Who'll dig the grave? "I" said the owl, "With my lit-tle trowel I'll dig his grave!"

PIANO

CHORUS

All the birds in the air fell a - sigh-ing and a - sob-bing When they

heard of the death of poor Cock Robin, When they heard of the death of — poor Cock Ro-bin. —

Faster

John-ny will you go, John-ny will you go, John-ny will you go with an E I O?

John-ny will you go, John-ny will you go, John-ny will you go - i - o?

5
 SOLO Who'll be the parson?
 "I said the rook,
 With my bell and book
 I'll be the parson!"
 CHORUS All the birds etc.

6
 SOLO Who'll be chief mourner?
 "I said the dove,
 I mourn for my love
 I'll be chief mourner!"
 CHORUS All the birds etc.

COLD'S THE WIND

THOMAS DEKKER

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

With strong rhythm

PIANO

SOLO

mf

Cold's the wind and wet's the rain, Saint Hugh be our good speed;
Troll the bowl, the nut brown bowl, And here kind mate to thee!

CHORUS

f

I'll is the wea-ther that brings no gain, Nor helps good hearts in need.
Let's sing a dirge for Saint Hugh's soul, And drown it mer - ri - ly. } Hey

down - a - down - Hey down - a - down Hey der - ry der - ry down - a - down,

Ho, well done, to me let come, Ring com - pass, gen - tle joy.

COME, HERE'S TO ROBIN HOOD

JOHN OXENFORD

Brightly

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

SOLO

VOICE

mf

Come here's to Ro - bin Hood Of the
Good Ro - bin oft gave chase To the
When e'er he filled his can, He would

PIANO

mf

mer - ry greenwood, And a blessing on his name;
monks with sullen face, Till he made them drop their gear;
drink to Ma - ri - an, To that kind and love - ly maid;

Tho' with shaft and bow He de - part - ed long a - go, Un -
And their hearts would quake And their lust - y limbs would shake, if
And he vowed her smile Would the worst of cares be - guile While

- per - ish - ing shall be his name.
gal - lant Ro - bin Hood was near -
roaming in the greenwood shade.

Like a no - ble soul, He loved a sparkling bowl, And a gob - let 'of the best love
Like that yeo - man brave, We hate a cant - ing knave, As the ve - ry worst of com - pan -
As the bowl we pass, Each quaffs it to his lass, Vow - ing none to be as fair as

CHORUS

we, So tho' bold Ro - bin's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.
- ie, So tho' bold Ro - bin's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.
she, So tho' bold Ro - bin's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three.

So tho'

bold Ro - bin's gone, Still his heart lives on, And we drink to him with three times three. §

COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL

Arr. ERIC MAREO

VOICE *Bibulously* *SOLO*

Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl Un -
 The man who drink-eth small beer, And
 The man who drink-eth strong beer, And
 But he who drinks just what he likes, And
 The man who kisses a pret - ty girl, And

PIANO

-til it doth run o - ver, Come, land-lord, fill the flow-ing bowl Un - til it doth run o - ver.
 goes to bed quite so - ber, The man who drink-eth small beer, And goes to bed quite so - ber.
 goes to bed right mel - low, The man who drink-eth strong beer, And goes to bed right mel - low.
 get-teth half seas o - ver, But he who drinks just what he likes, And get-teth half seas o - ver.
 goes and tells his mo - ther, The man who kisses a pret - ty girl, And goes and tells his mo - ther.

CHORUS

For to-night we'll (mer - ry mer - ry) be, For to-night we'll (mer - ry mer - ry) be,
 Fades as the leaves do fade, Fades as the leaves do fade,
 Lives as he ought to live, Lives as he ought to live,
 Will live un - til he die, Will live un - til he die,
 Ought to have his lips cut off, Ought to have his lips cut off,

For to-night we'll (mer - ry mer - ry) be, To - mor - row well be so - ber.
 Fades as the leaves do fade, That drop off in Oc - to - ber.
 Lives as he ought to live, And dies a jol-ly good fel - low.
 Will live un - til he die, And then lie down in clo - ver.
 Ought to have his lips cut off, And nev - er kiss an - o - ther.

COME, LASSES AND LADS

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Brightly

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Come, lasses and lads, Get
"You're out," says Dick, "Not
"Good-night," says Harry "Good-

leave of your dads, And a - way to the May - pole hie. There ev - 'ry He has
I," says Nick, "Twas the fidd - ler played it wrong?" "Tis true," says Hugh, and
- night," says Mary, "Good - night," says Poll to John; "Good - night," says Sue to

got him a She, And the Fidd - ler's stand - ing by; For Wil - ly has got his Jill, And
so says Sue, And so - says ev - 'ry one. The fidd - ler then be - gan To
her sweetheart Hugh "Good - night," says ev - 'ry one. Some walked and some did run, Some

John - ny has got his Joan, To trip it, trip it, Trip it, trip it, trip it up and
play the tune a - gain, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the
loit - e'd on the way, And bound themselves, by kiss - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i -

down, To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, Trip it up and down.
men, And ev - 'ry girl did trip it, trip it, Trip it to the men.
- day, And bound themselves, by kiss - es twelve, To meet the next hol - i - day.

COME O'ER THE SEA

MOORE

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

VOICE *Fairly slow* **SOLO**

Come o'er the sea Maid-en with me;

PIANO *mf* *rall.* *a tempo*

Mine thro' sun - shine Storm and snows! Sea-sons may roll, But the true soul Burns the same wher-

-e'er it goes. *f* *rall.* **CHORUS**

{ Let for-tune frown so we love, and part not: 'Tis life where thou art, 'tis death where thou art not: Then
No eye to watch, and no tongue to wound us, All earth for - got and all heav - en a - round us: } *a tempo* *rall.*

p come o'er the sea Maid-en with me, Come wher-ev-er the wild wind blows;

p a tempo

Sea-sons will roll But the true soul Burns the same wher - e'er it goes. *rall.*

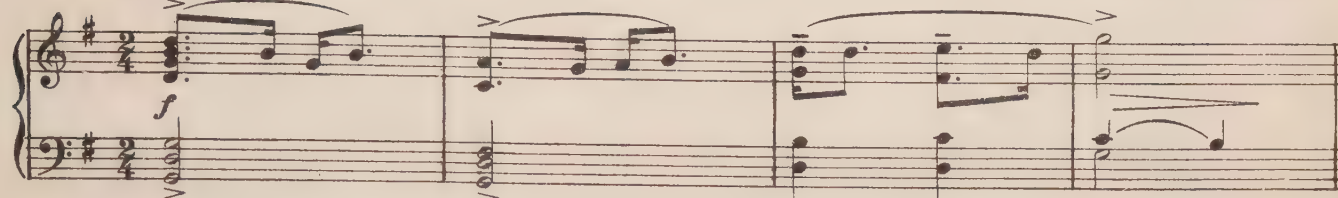
rall.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Not too fast

PIANO



SOLO (ad lib)

mf

Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Com - in' thro' the rye;
 Gin a bo - dy meet a bo - dy, Com - in' frae the toon,
 A-mang the train there is a swain I dear - ly lo'e my - sel',

mp

Gin a bo - dy kiss a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy cry?
 Gin a bo - dy greet a bo - dy, Need a bo - dy froon?
 But what's his name, or whar's his hame, I din - na care to tell.

CHORUS

mf

Il - ka las - sie has her lad - die, Nane, they say, ha'e - I, Yet

a' the lads they smile at me, When com - in' thro' the rye.

A COTTAGE WELL THATCHED WITH STRAW!

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With good rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

In the
"My
"The
"Then in

days of yore there sat by the door, An old farmer and thus sang he, "With my
dear old dad this snug cot-tage had, And he got it, I'll tell you how. He
ragged the torn from my door I don't turn, But I give them a crust of brown; And a
frost and snow to the church I go, No mat-ter the wea - ther how, And the

pipe and my glass, I wish ev'-ry class On the earth were as well as me!" For he
won it I wot, with the best coin got, With the sweat of an hon - est brow. Then
drop of good ale, my lad without fail, For to wash the brown crust down. Tho'
ser vice and prayer that I put up there Is to him who speeds the plough. Sun day

p

en - vied not an - y man his lot, The rich-est, the proud - est, he saw, For he had
says my old dad Be care - ful, lad, To keep out of the law - yer's claw; So you'll have
rich I may be it may chance to me, That mis - fortune should spoil my store, So I'd lack
saints, I feck, who cheat all the week, With a rant-ing and cant - ing jaw, They'll have no

CHORUS

home brew'd, brown bread, And a cot-tage well thatch'd with straw.
home brew'd, brown bread, And a cot-tage well thatch'd with straw.
home brew'd, brown bread, And a cot-tage well thatch'd with straw.
home brew'd, brown bread, And my cot-tage well thatch'd with straw.

cottage well thatch'd with straw. And a cottage well thatch'd with straw. For he had
home - brew'd, brown bread, and a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

OLD MACDOUGAL HAD A FARM

Old Mac - dou - gal had a farm in O - hi - o - i - o And
on that farm he had some dogs, in O - hi - o - i - o. With a
bow-wow here, and a bow-wow there, Here a bow, there a wow, ev'-ry-where a bow-wow,
Old Mac - dou - gal had a farm, In O - hi - o - i - o.

*Other animals with their appropriate noises are:- Hens (*cluck*) Ducks (*quack*) Cows (*moo*) Pigs (—!) Cats (*meow*) Ass (*hee haw*) etc.

THE JONES BOYS

With point
O the Jones Boys! They built a
mill on the side of a hill, And they work'd all night and they
work'd all day, But they could-n't make that gosh darn saw - mill pay.

COVENTRY CAROL

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Quiet and Slow

VOICE

PIANO

pp

Lul - ly, lul -
O sis - ters
He - rod the
That woe is

- la, you lit - tle ti - ny child; By, by, lul -
too, how may we do For to pre -
king in his rag - ing Charg - ed he
me, poor child for thee, And ev - er

- ly, lul - lay, you lit - tle ti - ny child; Lul -
- serve this day, This poor young - ling, For
hath this day, His men of might in
mourn and say, For thy part - ing nor

- ly lul - la, By, by, lul - ly, lul - - lay.
whom we sing By, by, lul - ly, lul - - lay.
his own sight All young child - ren to slay.
say nor sing By, by, lul - ly, lul - - lay.

DAVID OF THE WHITE ROCK

57

Arr. HAROLD DAVIDSON

With deep feeling

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major and 3/4 time. It begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is played in the right hand, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and finally C4. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first vocal entry is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and finally C4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Da - vid_ lay_ dy - ing, his harp_ by_ his_ side;
Da - vid_ our_ min - strel, we hear_ thy_ voice still,

The second vocal entry is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and finally C4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

"Sing, brave harp sing, though I fal - ter!" he_ cried,
Those sweet sounds lin - ger_ in val - ley_ and_ hill,

The third vocal entry is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and finally C4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Faint his_ aged voice, but_ his_ spi - rit_ so_ strong,_
Thy brave heart beats in_ the_ songs that_ we_ sing,_

The fourth vocal entry is in G major and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, starting on G4, moving up stepwise to B4, then down to A4, G4, F#4, E4, D4, and finally C4. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Moun - tains and_ val - leys_ all e - choed his song.
Through all_ the_ a - ges_ that e - cho shall ring.

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

JOHN DYER.

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Well marked and not too fast

VOICE

PIANO

ff

Here's a Let

health to the King, and a last - ing - peace, To fact - ion an end, to wealth in - crease.
charm - ing beau - ty's health go - round, In whom ce - les - tial joys are found And

CHORUS

Come, let's drink it while we have breath, for there's no drink - ing af - ter Death. And
may con - fu - sion still pur - sue The sense - less wo - man - hat - ing crew.

he who will this health de - ny Down among the dead men, Down among the dead men,

Down, Down, Down, Down, Down a - mong the dead men, let him lie!

D.S.

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

59

BEN JONSON

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Smoothly

PIANO

Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes - And I - will pledge with mine. -
I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, Not so much hon - 'ring thee, -

Or leave a kiss with - in the cup - And I'll not ask for wine, - The
As giv - ing it a hope, that there It could not wi - ther'd be, - But

thirst that from the soul doth rise Doth ask a drink di - vine -
thou there-on didst on - ly breathe And sent'st it back to me -

But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip - I would not change for thine. -
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, Not of it - self, but thee! -

THE DRUMMER AND THE COOK

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Quick and with humour

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO
mf

O there
When this
When this
Sez the

was a lit - tle drum - mer and he loved a one-eyed cook. And he loved her, O he loved her though she
cou - ple went a - cour - tin', for to walk a - long the shore, Sez the drum - mer to the cook - ie, "You're the
cou - ple went a - cour - tin', for to walk a - long the pier, Sez the cook - ie to the drum - mer, "An' I
drum - mer to the cook - ie, "Aint the wea - ther fine to - day?" Sez the cook - ie to the drum - mer, "Is that

CHORUS

had a cock-eyed look,
gel that I a - dore,"
love you too, my dear,"
all ye got to say?" } With her one eye in the pot And the oth - er up the chim - ney, With a

bow - wow - wow, Fal - la! the dow - a - did - dy bow - wow - wow.

5. SOLO Sez the drummer to the cookie, "Will I buy the weddin' ring?" 6. SOLO Sez the drummer to the cookie, "Will ye name the weddin' day?"
Sez the cookie, "Now you're talkin'. That would be the very thing." Sez the cookie, "We'll be married in the merry month o' May."
CHORUS With her one eye etc. CHORUS With her one eye etc.

7. SOLO When they went to church to say "I will," the drummer got a nark
For her one eye glifed the Parson, and the t'other killed the Clerk.
CHORUS With her one eye etc.

EARLY ONE MORNING

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Smoothly

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Ear - ly one morn - ing, just as the sun was ri - sing, I heard a maid
 "Oh, gay is the gar - land, and fresh are the ro - ses, I've cull'd from the
 "Re - mem - ber the — vows that you made to your Ma - ry, Re - mem - ber the
 Thus sang the poor maid - en, her sor - rows be - wail - ing, Thus sang the poor

Red. *

CHORUS

sing — in the val - ley be - low:
 gar - den to bind — on thy brow.
 bow'r — where you vow'd — to be true.
 maid — in the val - ley be - low.

"O, don't de - ceive — me!

O ne - ver leave me! How — could you use — a — poor — maid - en so?"

EARTH TO-DAY REJOICES

Dr. NEALE

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

With jubilation.

VOICE

PIANO

Earth to - day re - joi - ces,
 Re - con - cil - i - a - tion,
 Though the cold grows strong - er,

Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Death can hurt no
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Peace that lasts for
 Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia, Though the world loves

more; And ce - les - tial voi - ces, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
 aye, Glad - ness and sal - va - tion, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,
 night; Yet the days grow long - er, Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu - ia,

Al - le - lu - ia, Tell that sin is o'er. Da - vid's sling des - troys the foe:
 Al - le - lu - ia, Came on Christ - mas Day. Gid - eon's fleece is wet with dew:
 Al - le - lu - ia, Christ is born our light. Now the Di - al's type is learnt:

Sam - son lays the tem - ple low: War and strife are done; God and man are one.
 Sol - o - mon is crown'd a - new: War and strife are done; God and man are one.
 Burns the bush that is not burnt: War and strife are done; God and man are one.

FAITHFUL JOHNNY

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

♩ Very sad but not too slow

VOICE

p

When will you come a - gain,
Then win - ter's wind will blow,
Then will you meet me here,

PIANO

p

my— faith-ful John - ny?
my— faith-ful John - ny.
my— faith-ful John - ny?

When will you come a - gain,
Then win - ter's wind will blow,
Then will you meet me here,

my— faith-ful
my— faith-ful
my— faith-ful

John - ny?
John - ny.
John - ny?

When the corn is ga - ther - éd
Tho' the day be dark with drift
Tho' the night were Hal - low - e'en

When the leaves are wi - ther - éd,
That I— can - not see the lift,
When the fear - fu' sights are seen,

I will come a - gain, my— sweet and bon - nie,
I will come a - gain, my— sweet and bon - nie,
I would meet thee here, my— sweet and bon - nie,

I will come a - gain!—
I will come a - gain!—
I would meet thee here.—

FAREWELL TO FIUNARY

NORMAN McLEOD

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Not slow

VOICE

SOLO *mp*

The wind is fair the day is fine And swift-ly, swift-ly
A thou-sand, thou-sand ten-der ties, A - wake this day my
With pen-sive steps I oft-en strolled, Where Fin-gal's cas-tle

PIANO *mp*

runs the time The boat is float - ing on the tide That wafts us off from Fiu - na - ry.
plain - tive sighs, My heart with-in me al - most dies, To think of leav - ing Fiu - na - ry.
stood of old; And lis - tened while the shep - herd told The le - gen - d - a - les of Fiu - na - ry.

CHORUS *mf*

We must up and be a - way We must up and be a - way

mf

We must up and be a - way Fare - well, fare-well to Fiu - na - ry.

THE FARMER'S BOY

65

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With sentiment

PIANO

SOLO

The sun had set be - hind yon hill, A - cross the drear - y moor, When
The far - mer's wife cried, "Try the lad, Let him no long - er seek," "Yes
The far - mer's boy grew up a man, And the good old cou - ple died; They

wea - ry and lame, a boy there came, Up to a farm - er's door; "Can you tell to me where
fa - ther, do," the daugh - ter cried, While the tears roll'd down her cheek: "For those who would work, 'tis
left the lad the farm they had, And the daugh - ter for his bride; Now the lad which was, and the

CHORUS

ev - er I be, One that will me em - ploy. To plough and sow, to
hard to want, And wan - der for em - ploy." Don't let him go, but
farm now has, Oft-en thinks and smiles with joy. And will bless the day he

reap and mow And be a far - mer's boy, And be a far - mer's boy?"
let him stay, And be a far - mer's boy, And be a far - mer's boy?"
came that way To be a far - mer's boy, To be a far - mer's boy?"

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTERS

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Keep moving

PIANO *mf*

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a quarter note G, followed by eighth notes A-B, C-D, E-F, and ends with a half note G. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern: G-A-B-A-G-A-B-A.

mf SOLO CHORUS SOLO

A Farm-er he lived in the west coun-trie,
One day they walked by the riv-er's brim,
"O sis-ter, O sis-ter, pray lend me your hand,
"I'll neith-er lend you hand nor glove,"

Bow down, Bow down, { A One
O I'll

The first system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the first verse. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, with a steady eighth-note bass line.

CHORUS

Farm-er he lived in the west coun-trie,— And he had daugh-ters one two and three.
day they walked by the riv-er's brim, When the eld-est pushed the young-est in.
sis-ter, O sis-ter, pray lend me your hand,— And I'll give you both house and land.
neith-er lend you hand nor glove,— Un-less you prom-ise me your true love? Singing

The second system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the chorus. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, with a steady eighth-note bass line.

I will be true un-to my love if my love will be true un-to me.—

The third system shows the vocal melody and piano accompaniment for the final line of the song. The vocal line is in G major, 6/8 time. The piano accompaniment is in G major, 6/8 time, with a steady eighth-note bass line.

5

SOLO So down the river the maiden swam,
CHORUS Bow down, Bow down,
SOLO So down the river the maiden swam,
Until she came to the miller's dam.
CHORUS Singing etc.

6

SOLO The miller's daughter stood at the door,
CHORUS Bow down, Bow down,
SOLO The miller's daughter stood at the door,
Blooming like a gillyflower.
CHORUS Singing etc.

7

SOLO "O Father, O Father, here comes a swan,
CHORUS Bow down, Bow down,
SOLO "O Father, O Father, here comes a swan,
Very much like a gentlewoman."
CHORUS Singing etc.

8

SOLO The miller he took his rod and hook,
CHORUS Bow down, Bow down,
SOLO The miller he took his rod and hook,
And he fished the maiden out of the brook.
CHORUS Singing etc.

FIRE DOWN BELOW

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fast and very loud

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Fire in the gal - ley, fire down be - low; It's
 Fire in the fore - peak, fire down be - low; It's
 Fire in the wind - lass, fire in the chain; It's
 Fire up a - loft, and fire down be - low; It's

CHORUS

fetch a buck-et o' wa - ter, girls, there's fire down be - low.
 fetch a buck-et o' wa - ter, girls, there's fire down be - low.
 fetch a buck-et o' wa - ter, girls, and put it out a - gain.
 fetch a buck-et o' wa - ter, girls, there's fire down be - low.

Fire, fire,

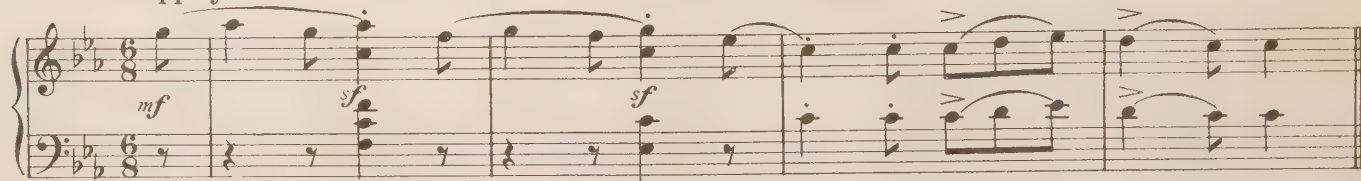
fire down be - low, — It's fetch a buck-et o' wa - ter, girls, there's fire down be - low.

THE FROG AND THE MOUSE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Happily

PIANO



mf SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

There was a frog lived in a well,
 He rode till he came to Mous - e's Hall,
 "My Un - cle Rat is not at home;
 "Here's been a fine young gen - tle - man,
 Four part - ridge pies with seas - on made,

Whip - see did-dle dee dan - dy dee.

There
 Where
 I
 Who
 Two



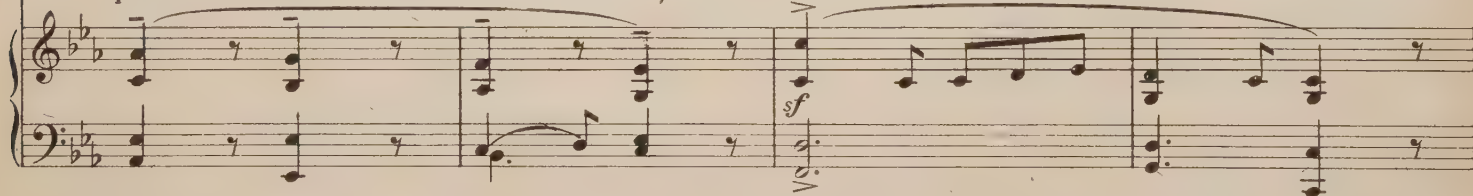
CHORUS

SOLO

was a mouse lived in a mill,
 he most ten - der - ly did call:
 dare not for my life come down."
 swears he'll have me if he can."
 pot - ted larks and marm - al - ade,

Whip - see did-dle dee dan - dy dee.

This
 "Oh!
 Then
 Then
 Four



f CHORUS

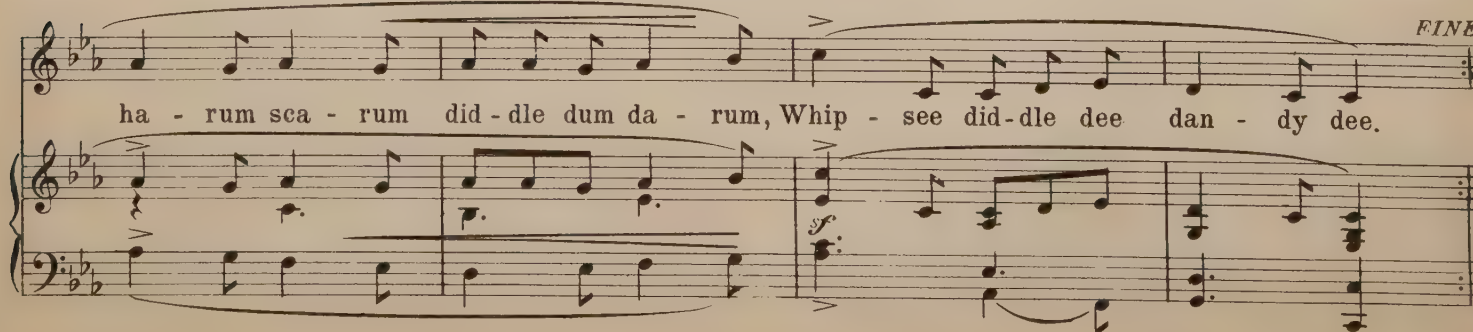
frog he would a - woo - ing ride, With sword and buck - ler by his side.
 Mis - tress Mouse, are you at home? And if you are, oh pray come down?"
 Un - cle Rat he soon comes home, "And who's been here since 've been gone?"
 Un - cle Rat gave his con - sent, And made a hand - some set - tle - ment.
 wood - cocks and a ven - i - son pie. I would that at that feast were I!

With a



FINE

ha - rum sea - rum did - dle dum da - rum, Whip - see did-dle dee dan - dy dee.



THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

In march time

Arr. ERIC MAREO

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of two staves. The right hand starts with a quarter note G4, followed by eighth notes A4-B4, C5-B4, A4-G4, and a half note F#4. The left hand starts with a quarter note G3, followed by eighth notes A3-B3, C4-B3, A3-G3, and a half note F#3. The piece ends with a half note G4 in the right hand and a half note G3 in the left hand.

The first vocal line is in G major and 2/4 time. The melody is on a single staff. The lyrics are: "I'm lone-some since I cross'd the hill And o'er the moor and val-ley; Such Oh! ne'er shall I for-get the night, The stars were bright a-bove me, And Her gold-en hair, in ring-lets fair, Her eyes like dia-monds shin-ing, Her-". The melody is a simple march tune with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature.

The second vocal line continues the melody from the first line. The lyrics are: "hea-vy thoughts my heart do fill, Since part-ing with my Sal-ly. I gent-ly lent their silv'-ry light, When first she vow'd to love me. But slen-der waist, with car-riage chaste May leave the swan re-pin-ing. Ye-". The melody is a simple march tune with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature.

The third vocal line continues the melody from the second line. The lyrics are: "seek no more the fine or gay, For each does but re-mind me How now I'm bound to Brigh-ton camp; Kind Hea-ven, then pray guide me, And gods a-bove: oh, hear my prayer, To my beau-teous fair to bind me, And". The melody is a simple march tune with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature.

The fourth vocal line continues the melody from the third line. The lyrics are: "swift the hours did pass a-way, With the girl I left be-hind me. bring me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I left be-hind me. send me safe-ly back a-gain To the girl I left be-hind me." The melody is a simple march tune with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature.

GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

(BRINLEY RICHARDS)

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE

PIANO

f

f

A - mong our an-cient moun-tains, And
Should hos-tile bands or dan - ger, E'er

from our lovely vales, Oh, let the pray'r re - e - cho, "God bless the Prince of Wales!"
threat-en our fair isle, May God's strong arm pro-tect us, May Heav'n still on us smile.

FINE.

mf

With heart and voice a - wak - en Those min-strel strains of yore, Till
A - bove the Throne of Eng-land May For-tune's star long shine! And

mf

Bri - tain's name and glo - ry Re - sound from shore to shore.
round it's sac - red bul - warks The o - live branch - es twine!

D.S. al Fine

GOD REST YE MERRY, GENTLEMEN

71

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fairly fast

VOICE

SOLO

God rest ye mer-ry,
From God our Heav'nly
Now to the Lord sing

PIANO

gen - tle - men, Let noth - ing you dis - may, For Je - sus Christ, our
Fa - ther, A bles - sed an - gel came; And un - to cer - tain
prais - es All you with in this place, And with true love and

Sa - viour was born up - on this Day. To save us all from
Shep - herds Brought forth on the em - same: How that ho - ly tide -
broth - er - hood Each oth - er now the em - brace; This in Beth - le -

CHORUS

Sa - tan's pow'r, When we were gone a - stray. } O ti - dings of com - fort and
- hem was born, The Son of God by name. }
Christ - mas All oth - er doth de - face. }

joy, comfort and joy, O ti - dings of com - fort and joy.

GOD SAVE THE KING

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS.

VOICE *mf*

God save our gra - cious King, Long live our
 O Lord our God a - rise, Scat - ter his
 Thy choi - cest gifts in store On him be

PIANO *mf*

no - ble King, God save the King! Send him vic -
 en - em - ies, And make them fall. Con - found their
 pleased to pour, Long may he reign! May he de -

-to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous, Long to reign
 po - li - tics, Frus - trate their kna - vish tricks, On Thee our
 -fend our laws And e - ver give us cause To sing with

o - ver us, } God save the King! King!
 hopes we fix, }
 heart and voice }

1. & 2. 3.

GOLDEN SLUMBERS

73

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly slow, quietly

VOICE

PIANO

Gold - en
Care - you

slum - bers kiss your eyes,
know not, there - fore sleep,
Smiles a - wake you
While I o'er you

when you rise;
watch do keep; } Sleep, pret - ty dar - ling, do - not

cry, - And I will sing a lul - la - by. - by.

THE GOLDEN VANITY

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

In narrative style, not too fast

PIANO



SOLO

A ship I have got in the North Coun - try And she goes by the name of the
 To the Cap - tain then up - spake the lit - tle Cab - in boy, He said "What is my fee, - if the
 Of sil - ver and gold I will give to you a store; And my pret - ty lit - tle daugh - ter that
 Then the boy bared his breast, and straight - way leaped in, And he held in his hand, an —

Gold - en Van - i - ty, Oh I fear - shall be tak - en by a Span - ish Ga - la - lie, - As she
 gal - ley I des - troy? The Span - ish Ga - la - lie, - if no more it shall an - noy, - As you
 dwell - eth on the shore, Of treasure and of fee as well, I'll give to thee gal - ore, - As we
 aug - ur sharp and thin, And he swam un - til he came - to the Span - ish gal - le - on, - As she

CHORUS

sails - by the Low - lands low,	As she sails by the Low - lands low.
sail - by the Low - lands low,	As you sail by the Low - lands low."
sail - by the Low - lands low,	As we sail by the Low - lands low.
lay - by the Low - lands low,	As she lay by the Low - lands low.

By the

Low - lands low

As she sails by the Low - lands low.

low.

Last time

SOLO He bor'd with the augur, he bored once and twice,
 And some were playing cards, and some were playing dice,
 When the water flowed in it dazzled their eyes,
 As she sank by the Low-lands low.

CHOR. By the Low-lands low etc.

SOLO Then the Cabin-boy did swim all to the starboard side
 Saying, Messmates take me in, I am drifting with the tide!
 Then they laid him on the deck, and he closed his eyes and died,
 As they sailed by the Low-lands low.

CHOR. By the Low-lands low etc.

GOOD KING WENCESLAS

75

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE

PIANO

mf

mf

Good King Wen-ces-

-las look'd out On the feast of Ste - phen, When the snow lay round a - bout;

Deep and crisp and e - ven; Bright-ly shone the moon that night, Though the frost was

cru - el, When a poor man came in sight Gath'ring win-ter fu - - el.

D. S.

MALE VOICES	"Hither page and stand by me, If thou know'st it telling, Yonder peasant, who is he? Where and what his dwelling?"	FEMALE VOICES	"Sire, the night is darker now, And the wind blows stronger; Fails my heart, I know not how, I can go no longer."
FEMALE VOICES	"Sire, he lives a good league hence, Underneath the mountain, Right against the forest fence; By Saint Agnes' fountain."	MALE VOICES	"Mark my footsteps, good my page; Tread thou in them boldly; Thou shalt find the winter rage Freeze thy blood less coldly."
MALE VOICES	"Bring me flesh and bring me wine, Bring me pine-logs hither; Thou and I will see him dine When we bear them thither."	ALL TOGETHER	In his master's steps he trod, Where the snow lay dinted; Heat was in the very sod Which the saint had printed.
ALL TOGETHER	Page and Monarch, forth they went, Forth they went together; Through the rude wind's wild lament And the bitter weather.		Therefore, Christian men be sure, Wealth or rank possessing, Ye who now will bless the poor, Shall yourselves find blessing.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES!

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

At moderate pace

VOICE

PIANO

f *mf*

Good - night, la - dies, — Good - night,
 Fare - well, la - dies, — Fare - well,
 Sweet dreams, la - dies, — Sweet dreams,

la - dies, — Good - night, la - dies — We're going to leave you now.
 la - dies, — Fare - well, la - dies — We're going to leave you now.
 la - dies, — Sweet dreams, la - dies — We're going to leave you now.

f *Quicker*

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, roll a - long, roll a - long,

f *Quicker*

Mer - ri - ly we roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

GREEN GROW THE RASHES O

77

ROBERT BURNS

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With point

VOICE

SOLO

There's naught but care on ev-'ry hand, In
Gie me a can-nie hour at e'en, My
For you sae douce whasneer at this, Ye're
Auld na - tureswears the lovely dears, Her

PIANO

mf

dim.

pp

Red.

ev - 'ry hour that pass-es, O! What sig - nif-ies the life 'o man, An' 'twere na for the lass-es, O?
arms a - bout my dear-ie, O! An world - ly cares and world - ly men, May a' gae tap - sal - tee - rie, O!
nought but sense - less ass - es, O! The wis - est man the world e'er saw, He dear - ly lo'ed the lass-es, O!
no - blest work she class-es, O! Her 'pren-tice han' she tried on man, An' then she made the lass-es, O!

Red.

CHORUS

Green grow the rash-es O! Green grow the rash-es O! The

f

sweet - est hour that e'er I spent were spent a - mong the lass-es O!

f

Red.

THE HARP THAT ONCE

MOORE

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly slow.

VOICE

PIANO

mp
1 The
2 No

harp more that once through Ta - ra's halls Its soul of mu - sic shed Now
to chiefs and la - dies bright The harp of Ta - ra swells; The

hangs as mute on Ta - ra's walls As if that soul were fled. So
chord a - lone that breaks the night Its tale of ru - in tells; Thus

sleeps the pride of for - mer days, So glo - ry's thrill is o'er; And
Free - dom now so sel - dom wakes; The on - ly throb she gives Is

hearts that once beat high for praise Now feel that pulse no more.
when some heart in - dig - nant breaks To show that still she lives.

HAUL AWAY JOE

79

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

In a swinging rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Way, haul a - way, we'll haul a - way the bow - lin'.

Way, haul a - way, the pack - et is a roll - ing.

CHORUS

Way, haul a - way, we'll haul a - way, Joe.

- SOLO O once I had a nigger gel, and she was fat and lazy
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO Then I had a Spanish gel, she nearly druv' me crazy
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO King Louis was the King of France before the revolution
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO King Louis got his head cut off and spoiled his constitution.
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO When I was a little boy, and so my mother told me
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO That if I didn't kiss the gals, my lips would all go mouldy
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO (ppp) Way, haul away, we'll hang and haul together
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.
- SOLO (ppppp) Way, haul away, we'll haul for better weather
- CHORUS Way, haul away, we'll haul away, Joe.

HEART OF OAK

(Dr. BOYCE)

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE *Heartily*

SOLO

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to
We ne'er see our foes but we
They swear they'll invade us, these
We'll still make 'em run, and we'll

PIANO *f*

glo - ry we steer, To add some - thing more to this won - der - ful year; To
wish 'em to stay, They nev - er see us but they wish us a - way; If they
ter - ri - ble foes, They fright - en our wo - men, our chil - dren and beaux; But
still make 'em sweat, In spite of the de - vil and Brus - sels Gaz - ette; Then

hon - our we call you, not press you like slaves For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
run, why, we fol - low, and run 'em a - shore, For if they won't fight us, we can - not do more.
should their flat-bot - toms in dark - ness get o'er, Still Brit - ons they'll find to re - ceive them on shore.
cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing, Our sold - iers, our sail - ors, our states - men, and King.

CHORUS *ff*

Heart of oak are our ships, Heart of oak are our men; We al - ways are rea - dy;

ff

rall. Steady, boys. steady; *a tempo* We'll fight — and we'll con - quer a - gain and a - gain.

rall. *a tempo* *sf*

HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

81

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Noisily.

PIANO

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The music is marked 'Noisily.' and 'ff' (fortissimo). It features a rhythmic melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both using eighth and sixteenth notes.

SOLO

CHORUS

First vocal system. The solo part begins with the lyrics 'Here's a health un - to his Ma - jes - ty, { All Ca - va - liers will please com - bine }'. The chorus follows with 'With a fa la la la la la'. The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note bass line.

SOLO

CHORUS

Second vocal system. The solo part continues with 'la la. { Con - fu - sion to his en - em - ies } { To - drink this loy - al toast of wine }'. The chorus follows with 'With a fa la la la la la'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

SOLO

Third vocal system. The solo part continues with 'la la { And he that will not drink his health! I wish him neith - er If an - y one should ans - wer 'No', I on - ly wish that }'. The piano accompaniment features a more active bass line with some syncopation.

CHORUS
tempo

Fourth vocal system. The solo part continues with 'wit - nor wealth, Nor - yet a rope to hang him - self! he may go With Round - head rogues to Je - ri - cho, { }'. The chorus follows with 'With a'. The piano accompaniment includes a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking before the final chorus entry.

Fifth vocal system. The solo part continues with 'fa la la la la la la la la la! With a fa la la la la la la la!'. The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord and a repeat sign.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN

R. B. SHERIDAN

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With a lilt.

VOICE

PIANO

gva.

SOLO

Here's to the maid - en of bash - ful fif - teen; Here's to the wid - ow of fif - ty;
 Here's to the charm - er whose dim - ples we prize; Now to the maid who has none, Sir;
 Here's to the maid with a bo - som of snow; Now to her that's as brown as a ber - ry:
 For let 'em be clum - sy, or let 'em be slim, Young or an - cient, I care not a feath - er; So

mf

Here's to the flaun - ting ex - trav - a - gant queen, And here's to the house - wife that's thrif - ty.
 Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes, And here's to the nymph with but one, Sir.
 Here's to the wife with a full face of woe, And now to the girl that is mer - ry.
 fill a pint bump - er quite up to the brim, And let us e'en toast them to - geth - er.

CHORUS

Let the toast pass, Drink to the lass, I'll war - rant she'll prove an ex - cuse for a glass.

HIGH GERMANY

83

Fairly fast

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWEIL

PIANO

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 2/4 time. It begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The right hand plays a series of chords and eighth notes, while the left hand provides a steady bass line with eighth notes.

First verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: O Pol - ly love, O Pol - ly, the rout has now be - gun, And O Har - ry love, O Har - ry you heark-en what I say, My A horse I'll buy you dap - ple grey and on it you shall ride, And O no my love, it may - not be, I can - not with you ride, For O cur - sed are the cru - el wars that ev - er they should rise, And

Second verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: we must be a - march - ing at the beat - ing of the drum; Go - feet are all too ten - der I can - not marcha - way; Be - all my heart's de - light will be, a - trot - ting at your side; We'll I have here my child - ren dear, at home I must a - bide; But out of mer - ry Eng - land press many a lad like - wise; They

Third verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: dress your-self all in your best and come a-long with me, I'll take you to the sides my dear-est Har - ry, tho' man and wife we be, How am I fit for ride o'er moor and mountain high, and breathe the air so free, And jaun - ti - ly we'll all my thoughts and man - y pray'rs shall be the while with thee, As thou dost fight Old pressed my Har - ry from me as all my bro - thers three, And sent them to the

Chorus of the song. The vocal melody is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny. -ny. cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny. -ny. ride a - long in High Ger - ma - ny. -ny. Eng - lands wars in High Ger - ma - ny. -ny. cru - el wars in High Ger - ma - ny. -ny.

HOME SWEET HOME

(Sir HENRY BISHOP)

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

PIANO

p

'Mid plea - sures and pal - a - ces — Though I may roam Be it ev - er so
To thee — I'll re - turn o - ver — bur - dened with care The heart's — dear - est

mp

hum - ble There's no — place like home A charm — from the sky seems to hal - low us
face — will smile — on me there No more — from that cot - tage a - gain — will I

mp

there Which seek — thro' the world — is ne'er met with else - where } Home, home —
roam Be it ev - er so hum - ble there's no place like home }

sweet, sweet home, There's no — place like home, — There's no — place like home.

HO-RO, MY NUT BROWN MAIDEN

PROFESSOR BLACKIE

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With vigour.

CHORUS

VOICE

PIANO

Ho - ro, my nut brown maid - en, Hi -

- ri, my nut brown maid - en, Ho - ro, — ro, — maid - en, For she's the maid for

me!

Fine. *mf* *SOLO*

{ Her eye so mild - ly beam - ing, Her look so frank and free, In —
 O Ma - ry, mild eyed Ma - ry, By land or on the sea, Tho' —
 And when with blos - som lad - en, Bright sum - mer comes a - gain, I'll —

CHORUS *D. S.*

wak - ing and in dream - ing, Is ev - er - more with me.
 time and tide may va - ry, My heart beats true to thee.
 fetch my nut - brown maid - en, Doun frae the bon - nie glen.

Ho -

HULLABALOO BALAY

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With considerable hullabaloo

VOICE

PIANO

ff

dim.

SOLO

1 Me

CHORUS

fa - ther kept a board - ing house.
board - ing house was on the quay,
flash young fel-low called Shal - low Brown,

Hul - la - ba - loo ba - lay!

p

ff

SOLO

mp

Hul - la - ba - loo ba - lah ba - lay! Me fa - ther kept a board - ing house.
But the lodg - ers were near - ly all at sea.
He fol - lowed me mo - ther all round the town.

p

CHORUS

SOLO D.S. Last verse (Shout)

Hul - la - ba - loo ba - lay!

2 The - lay BA - LAY!
3 A

ff

fff

4

SOLO Me father said "young man me boy,"

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay! Hullabaloo balahbalay!

SOLO To which he quickly made reply,

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay!

5

SOLO Next day while dad was in the "Crown,"

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay! Hullabaloo balahbalay'

SOLO Me mother ran off with Shallow Brown.

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay!

LAST VERSE

SOLO Me father slowly pined away,

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay! Hullabaloo balahbalay!

SOLO 'Cause mother came back on the following day.

CHORUS Hullabaloo balay, BALAY!

I AM A BRISK AND SPRIGHTLY LAD

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fast, and with good rhythm

PIANO

Piano introduction in G major, 2/2 time. The right hand features a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line of quarter notes. The piece begins with a forte (f) dynamic.

SOLO

I am a brisk and spright - ly lad But just come home from sea, Sir, Of
 What girl but loves the mer - ry tar, We o'er the o - cean roam, Sir, In
 But when our coun - try's foes are nigh, Each has - tens to his gun, Sir, We
 Our foes sub - dued, once more on shore We spend our cash with glee, Sir, And

all the lives I ev - er led, A sail - or's life for me, Sir.
 ev - 'ry clime we find a port, In ev - 'ry port a home, Sir.
 make the boast - ing French - man fly, And bang the haugh - ty Don, Sir.
 when all's gone, we drown our care, And out a - gain to sea, Sir.

CHORUS

Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo,

While the bo' - sun pipes all hands with yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, yeo, Sir

I'LL BID MY HEART BE STILL

THOMAS PRINGLE

Arr GERRARD WILLIAMS

Rather slow.

VOICE

PIANO

I'll _____
 They _____
 While _____
 My _____

bid my heart be still,
 bid me cease to weep,
 min-strels wake the lay,
 cheek has lost its hue,

And check each strugg-ling
 For glo-ry gilds his
 For peace and free-dom
 My eye grows faint and

sigh! And there's none e'er shall know
 name; Ah! 'tis there-fore I mourn
 won, Like my lost lov-er's knell
 dim, But 'tis sweet-er to fade,

My soul's cher-ished woe, When the
 He ne'er can re-turn To en-
 The tones seem to swell, And I
 In grief's gloom-y shade, Than to

first tears of sor- row are dry.
 joy the bright noon of his fame.
 hear but his death - dirge a lone.
 bloom for an - oth or than him.

I MARRIED A WIFE

89

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Boisterously

SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

mar-ried a wife, — O then! (O then!) I mar-ried a wife O then! I
 wife took a fe-ver, O then! (O then!) My wife took a fe-ver O then! My
 went to the fu-ne-ral then! (O then!) I went to the fu-ne-ral then! My
 mar-ried an-o-ther O then! (O then!) I mar-ried an-o-ther O then! The

mar-ried a wife she's the plague of my life, And I long'd to be sin-gle a - gain. —
 wife took a fe-ver I hoped'twouldnt leave her, For I long'd to be sin-gle a - gain. —
 band it did play, and I laugh'd till I cried: I was glad I was sin-gle a - gain. —
 mar-ried an-o-ther far wor-ser than'tother, And I long'd for the old one a - gain. —

- gain and a - gain, — a-gain, (a-gain,) A - gain and a - gain, a - gain, —

mar-ried a wife she's the plague of my life, And I long'd to be sin-gle a - gain. —
 wife took a fe-ver I hoped'twouldnt leave her, For I long'd to be sin-gle a - gain. —
 wife she died, and I laugh'd till I cried: I was glad I was sin-gle a - gain. —
 band it did play, and I danced all the way, With joy to be sin-gle a - gain. —
 mar-ried an-o-ther far wor-ser than'tother, And I long'd for the old one a - gain. —

THE ISLAND

DIBDIN

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Briskly

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Dad - dy
Ju - lius
Then a
But —

Nep - tune one day — to Free - dom did say, — "If ev - er I liv'd up - on dry land, The
Cae - sar the Ro - man who yield - ed to no man, Came by wa - ter, he could - n't come by land! And
ve - ry great war - man, called Bil - ly the Nor - man, Cried "Hang it! I nev - er liked my land; It —
par - ty de - ceit help'd the Nor - mans to beat, — Of trai - tors they man - aged to buy land; By Dane,

spot I would hit on would be lit - tle Brit - ain" Says Free - dom, "Why, that's my own Is - land!"
Dane, Pict, and Sax - on, their homes turn'd their backs on, And all for the sake of our Is - land.
would be more han - dy to leave this Nor - man - dy, And live on yon beau - ti - ful Is - land." Says
Sax - on, or Pict, — we ne'er had been lick'd, Had they stuck to the King of their Is - land. Poor

CHORUS

Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - land, A right lit - tle, tight lit - tle Is - land;
Oh! what a snug lit - tle Is - land, They'd all have a touch at the Is - land,
he "Tis a snug lit - tle Is - land, Shant us go and vis - it the Is - land?"
Har - old, the King of the Is - land, He lost both his life and his Is - land;

All the globe round, none can be found As hap-py as this lit-tle Is-land.
Some were shot dead— some of them fled, And somestay'd to live on the Is-land.
Hop, skip and jump,— There he was plump, And he kicked up a dust in the Is-land.
That's ve-ry true,— What could he do? Like a Bri-ton he died for his Is-land.

5
SOLO Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade-a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island.

CHORUS Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,
The drones came to plunder the Island,
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word in the Island.

6
SOLO These proud puff'd-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island.

CHORUS The good wooden walls of the Island;
Huzzal for the lads of the Island;
Devil or Don, let them come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island!

7
SOLO I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since oft been tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our Island?

CHORUS Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
All of 'em long for the Island;
Hold a bit there, let 'em take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the Island.

8
SOLO Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying "This shall be my land;"
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.

CHORUS We'd fight for our right to the Island,
We'd give them enough of the Island;
Invaders should just— bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

NON NOBIS DOMINE

WILLIAM BYRD

TENORS
Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis; sed no-mi-ni tu-o da

BARITONES
Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis; sed no-mi-ni tu-

BASSES
Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis; sed

glo-ri-am; sed no-mi-ni tu-o da glo-ri-am Non no-bis Do-mi-

o da glo-ri-am; sed no-mi-ni tu-o da glo-ri-am Non no-bis

no-mi-ni tu-o da glo-ri-am; sed no-mi-ni tu-o da glo-ri-am.

I' SE GWINE BACK TO DIXIE

(C. A. WHITE)

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

VOICE *Tenderly* *p* SOLO

I' se gwine back to Dix-ie, No more I' se gwine to
I' ve hoed in fields of cot-ton, I' ve work'd up - on the

PIANO *p*

wan-der; My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, I, can't stay here no long-er, I miss de ole plan-
riv-er; I used to think if I got off I'd go back there, no nev-er, But time has chang'd the

-ta-tion, My home and my re - la-tion, My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.
old man, His head is bend - ing low, His heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

CHORUS. *p* *mf*

I' se gwine back to Dix-ie, I' se gwine back to Dix-ie, I' se gwine where the o-range blossoms grow; For I

p *mf*

mp *D.C.*

hear the chil-dren call-ing, I see their sad tears fall-ing; My heart's turn'd back to Dix-ie, And I must go.

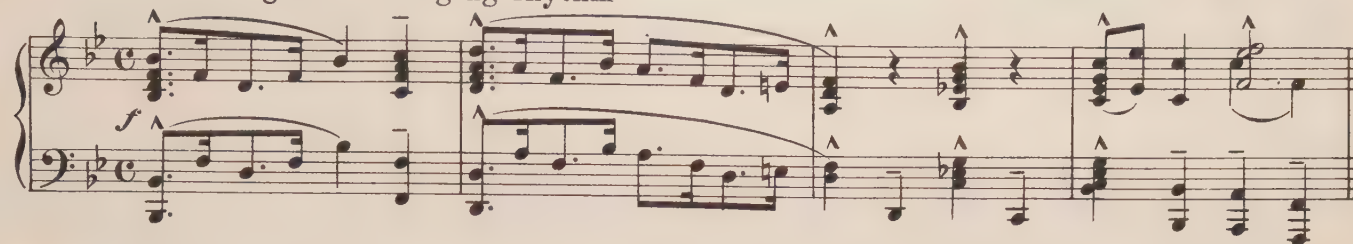
mp *D.C.*

JOHN BROWN'S BODY

With strength and swinging rhythm

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

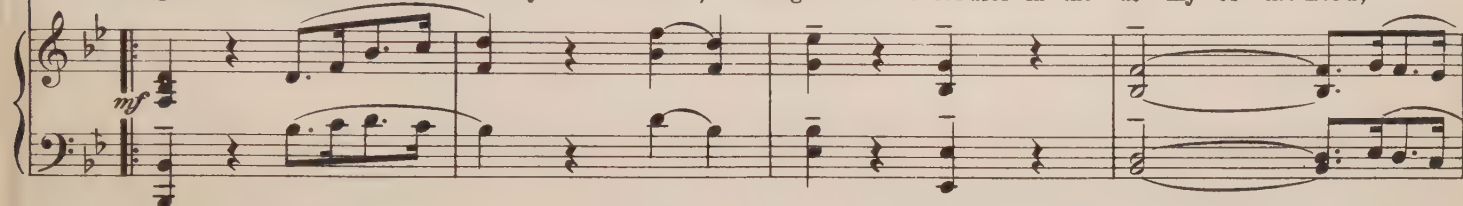
PIANO



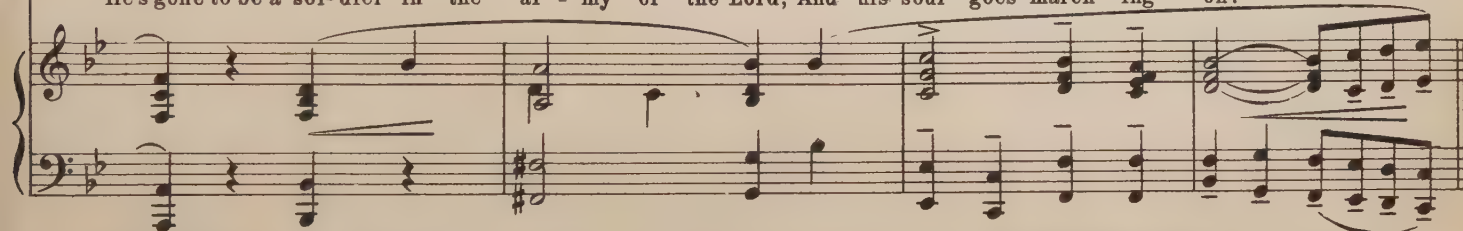
mf SOLO

John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
The stars of hea - ven are look-ing kind-ly down,
He's gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord,

John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave,
The stars of hea - ven are look-ing kind-ly down,
He's gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord,

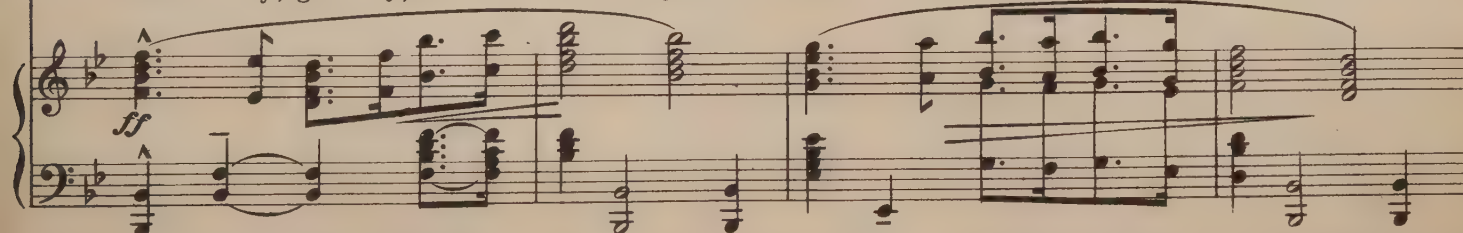


John Brown's bo - dy lies a mould'ring in the grave, But his soul goes march-ing on.
The stars of hea - ven are look-ing kind-ly down, On the grave of Old John Brown.
He's gone to be a sol-dier in the ar - my of the Lord, And his soul goes march-ing on.

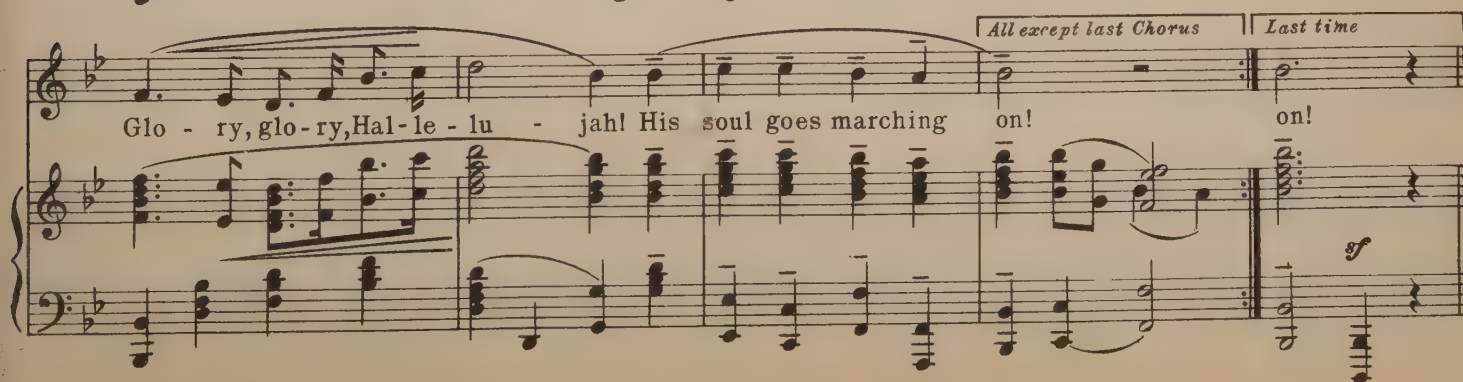


ff CHORUS

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah!



Glo - ry, glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! His soul goes marching on! on!



JOHNNY COME DOWN TO HILO

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fairly fast

SOLO

VOICE

I

PIANO

neb-ber see the like since I was born, When a big buck nig-ger wid de sea - boots on, Says
 lub a lit-tle gal a - cross de sea, She's a Ba - dian beau-ty, and she says to me, "Oh
 was you eb-ber down in Mo - bile Bay? Where dey screws de cot-ton on a sum - mer day, "When
 eb-ber see de old Plan - ta - tion Boss, And de long tailed fil - ly and de big black hoss? "When
 neb-ber seen de like since I bin born When a big buck nig-ger wid de sea boots on, Says

CHORUS

"John-ny come down to Hi - lo. Poor old man. Oh

wake her, Oh, shake her, Oh wake dat girl wid de blue dress on, When

John-ny comes down to Hi - lo, Poor old man.

D.S. Last time

2 I
 3 O
 4 Did you man.
 5 I

JOHN PEEL

95

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Robust

SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

D'ye
Yes, I
D'ye—

ken John Peel with his coat so gay, D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day, D' ye
ken John Peel and Ru - by too! Ran - ter and Ring - wood, Bell - man and True, From a
ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck— once on a day; Now

CHOR.
ken John Peel when he's far, far a-way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
find to a cheek, from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing.
he has gone far, far a-way; We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.) For the

sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led, For—

Peel's "View hal-lo!" would a - wak - en the dead, or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing.

KING ARTHUR'S MEN

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Briskly

PIANO *f*

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked 'Briskly' and 'f' (forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G.

SOLO *mf*

King Ar - thur had three sons, that he had; King Ar - thur had three
 The first he was a mil - ler, that he was; The sec - ond he was a
 Now the mil - ler stole some grist for his mill that he did; And the weav - er stole some wool for his
 Oh, the mil - ler he was drowned in his dam, that he was; And the weav - er he was killed at his

The vocal solo is in 4/4 time, marked 'SOLO' and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G.

sons, that he had; He had three sons of yore, and he kick'd them out of door, Be -
 weav - er, that he was; And the third he was a lit - tle tail - or boy, And -
 loom, that he did; And the lit - tle tail - or boy, he stole some cord - er - oy, For to
 loom, that he was; And Old Nick he cut his stick with the lit - tle tail - or boy, With the

The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, marked 'mf' (mezzo-forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G.

CHORUS *f*

- cause they could not sing, that he did. Be - cause they could not sing, that he did; Be -
 he was migh - ty clev - er, that he was. And he was migh - ty clev - er, that he was; And
 keep those three rogues warm, that he did. For to keep those three rogues warm, that he did; For to
 broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did. With the broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did; With the

The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, marked 'f' (forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G.

- cause they could not sing, that he did; He had three sons of yore, and he
 he was migh - ty clev - er, that he was; And the third he was, a
 keep those three rogues warm, that he did; And the lit - tle tail - or boy, he
 broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did; And Old Nick he cut his stick with the

The piano accompaniment is in 4/4 time, marked 'f' (forte). It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand, both in B-flat major. The melody starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G. The bass line starts with a quarter note B-flat, followed by eighth notes A, G, F, E, D, C, B, A, and a half note G.

kick'd them out of door, Be - cause they could not sing, that he did.
 lit - tle tail-or boy, And - he was migh - ty clev - er, that he was.
 stole some corder - oy, For to keep those three rogues warm, that he did.
 lit - tle tail-or boy, With the broad - cloth un - der his arm, that he did.

ROLLING HOME

Roll - ing home, Roll - ing home, Roll - ing home, By the light of the sil - ver - y
 moon, O. I. O. Hap - py is the day when a Tom - my draws his
 pay And fills his skin with whis - ky roll - ing home.

WAY DOWN YONDER IN THE CORNFIELDS

SOLO CHORUS SOLO
 Old Mo - ther Ri - ley's got a farm, Way down yon - der in the corn - fields, And
 on that farm she's got a cow, Way down yon - der in the corn - fields
 CHORUS Down by the sea Where the wa - ter mel - ons
 SOLO Down by the sea Where the wa - ter mel - ons grow
 grow Back to ma home I dare not
 go Back to ma home I dare not go
 For if I do My ma will
 For if I do My ma will say
 say CHORUS Quicker
 Have you ev - er seen a cow with a green eye - brow, Have you
 Slow again
 ev - er seen a cow with a green eye - brow? Down by the E. I. O.

THE KEEL ROW

Arr. ERIC MAREO

With a lilt

VOICE

As I cam'doon the
My love he wears a
And soon I heard her

PIANO

*mf**ff*

Sand - gate, the Sand - gate, the Sand - gate, As I cam'doon the Sand - gate, I
bon - net, a bon - net, a bon - net, A snaw - y rose up - on it, a
lov - er, her lov - er, her lov - er, And land - ed from the Ro - ver, and

heard a las - sie sing! }
dim - ple in his chin. } "O mer - ry may the keel row, the keel row, the
joined her in this strain.

keel — row, O mer - ry may the keel row, the ship my lad - die's in."

LAND OF MY FATHERS

99

(JAMES JAMES)

Arr. HAROLD DAVIDSON

PIANO *Broadly* *mf*

Oh land of my Fa - thers the land of the free, The home of the Tel - yn So
 Thou E - den of bards and birth-place of song, The sons of thy moun - tains are
 Though slighted and scorn'd by the proud and the strong, The lan - guage of Cam - bria still

p

sooth - ing to me; Thy no - ble de - fend - ers were gal - lant and brave, For freedom their
 va - liant and strong; The voice of thy streamlets is soft to the ear, Thy hill and thy
 charms us in song; The A - wen sur - vives nor have en - vious tales, Yet si - lenc'd the

heart's life they gave. _____
 val - leys, how dear. _____
 harp of dear Wales. _____

Wales, Wales, home, sweet home is Wales, Till

death be pass'd my love shall last, My longing, my yearning for Wales. _____

THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

(J. HOOK)

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE *Gaily.* SOLO

On Rich-mond Hill there
Ye ze-phyr's gay that
How hap-py will the

PIANO

lives a lass, More bright than Mayday
fan the air, And wan-ton thro' the
shep-herd be Who calls this Nymph his

morn, Whose charms all oth-er
grove, O whis-per to my
own. O may her choice be

maids sur-pass, A rose with-out a
charming fair, I die for her I
fixed on me, Mine's fixed on her a -

PIANO

CHORUS

thorn.
love.
- lone. } This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet, Has won my right good will, - I'd crowns re-sign to

PIANO

call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond Hill, Sweet lass of Richmond

PIANO

Hill, I'd crowns re-sign to call thee mine, Sweet lass of Rich-mond Hill.

PIANO

THE LASS THAT LOVES A SAILOR

101

(DIBDIN)

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

VOICE *Nautically* *mf* **SOLO**

The moon on the o - cean was
Some drank the King and
Some drank our Queen and

PIANO *f* *mf*

dimmed by a rip-ple Af - ford - ing a chequered de - light,
his some brave ships And some our con - sti - tu - tion,
our land Our glor - i - ous land of free - dom!

The gay jol - ly tars passed the
Some "May our foes and
Some that our tars might

word for the tip-ple And the toast, for 'twas Sat - ur - day night.
all such rips Own Brit - ish res - o - lution,"
nev - er stand For her - oes brave to lead 'em!

Some sweet-heart or wife he
Some sweet-heart or wife that he
That beau - ty in dis -

CHORUS

loved as his life Each drank and wished he could hail her.
loved as his life Each drank while he wished he could hail her.
-tress might find Such friends as ne'er could fail her.

But the stand-ing toast that

pleased them most Was the wind that blows, the ship that goes, And the lass that loves a sail - or.

THE LAST LONG MILE

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Quick march time SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

ff *p*

They One put us in the Ar - my and they hand-ed us a pack, They day we had manoeu - vres on dear old Salisbury Plain, We

took a - way our nice new clothes and dress'd us up in 'kak', They march'd us twen - ty miles or more to march'd and march'd and march'd and march'd and march'd and march'd a - gain. I thought the Duke of York a fool, but he

CHORUS

fit us for the war, We did - 'nt mind the nine - teen but the last one made us sore. Oh, it's was - n't in the van With us who march'd and march'd and march'd and march'd back home a - gain Oh, it's

p *f*

not the pack that you car - ry on your back, nor the gun up - on your shoul - der, nor the not the pack that you car - ry on your back, nor the gun up - on your shoul - der, If there's

mf *mf*

five inch crust of Franc-e's dir - ty dust that makes you feel your limbs are grow - ing old - er, it's never any ham, there's plum and ap - ple jam To make you feel your limbs are grow - ing old - er, Oh, it's

not the load on the hard straight road that drives a - way your smile, If the
 not the tramp nor the echoes of the camp that drives a - way your smile, It's the

socks of sis - ter raise a blis - ter, Blame it on the last long mile. *D. C.*
 ser - geant - maj - or's lit - tle wag - er, To beat you on the last long mile.

AND WHEN I DIE

(CHORUS) And when I die, Don't bur-y me at
 (SOLO) And when I die, Don't bur-y me at all;
 all; Just pic-kle my bones, In al - co -
 Just pic-kle my bones, In al - co - hol;
 - hol; Put a bot-tle of booze, At my head and my
 Put a bot-tle of booze, At my head and my feet
 feet And then I know my bones will keep.
 And then I know my bones will keep.

APRÈS LA GUERRE FINI

A-près la guerre fi - ni We'll go home to Blight - y.
 A-près la guerre fi - ni En-glish sol-dier par - ti.
 Lorsque la guerre fi - ni Sol-dat An - glais par - ti.

Wont we be sor-ry to leave chère Ger - maine A - près la guerre fi - ni.
 Mam'selle Fran-cais beaucoup pic-an-ni - ny A - près la guerre fi - ni.
 Na - poo bul - ly beef com-me sou-ven - ie Ma - dame, your soup's no bonne.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER

MOORE

ERIC MAREO

Moderately slow

VOICE

mf'Tis the
I'll not

PIANO

*mp**mf*

last rose of summer Left bloom - ing a - lone, All her love - ly com -
 leave thee thou lone one To pine on the stem; Since the love - ly are

- panions Are fa - ded and gone! No flower of her kin - dred, No
 sleeping, Go sleep thou with them! Thus kind - ly I scat - ter Thy

rose - bud is nigh To re - flect back her blushes, Or give sigh for sigh.
 leaves o'er the bed Where thymates of the garden Lie scent - less and dead.

THE LEATHER BOTTEL

105

Arr S. TAYLOR HARRIS

With strength

VOICE

PIANO

mf

When I sur-vey the
Now, what do you say to these
Then what do you say to these
And when the bottle at

world a-round, The won - drous things that do, a-bound, The ships that on the
cans of wood? Oh no, in faith they can't be good, For if the bear - er
glass - es fine? Oh, they shall have no praise of mine, For if you chance to
last grows old And will good liquor no long - er hold, Out of the sides you may

sea do swim, To keep out foes that none come in; Well! let them all say
fall by the way, Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay: But had it been in a
touch the brim, Down falls the liquor and all there-in; But had it been in a
make a clout, To mend your shoes when they're worn out; Or take and hang it up

what they can, 'Twas for one end - the use of man. So I wish him joy wher -
leather bot - tel, Although he had fall - en, all had been well. So I wish him joy wher -
leather bot - tel, And the stop - per in, all had been well. So I wish him joy wher -
on a pin, 'Twill serve to put hing-es and odd things in. So I wish him joy wher -

- e'er he dwell, That first found out the lea - ther bot - tel. —
- e'er he dwell, That first found out the lea - ther bot - tel. —
- e'er he dwell, That first found out the lea - ther bot - tel. —
- e'er he dwell, That first found out the lea - ther bot - tel. —

LET BUCKS A-HUNTING GO

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Bright and fairly fast *mf* SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

With hound and horn, each
Were she my wife, how
How sweet my lot, my
The mu - sic of her

CHORUS

ro - sy morn, let bucks a - hunt - ing go. With hound and horn, each ro - sy morn, let
sweet my life, In sta - tion high or low! Were she my wife, how sweet my life, In
home - ly cot, There's none but I can know. How sweet my lot, my home - ly cot, There's
voice, I'm sure, Would charm poor Rey - nard's woe. The mu - sic of her voice, I'm sure, Would

f SOLO

bucks a - hunt - ing go. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! and I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! For
sta - tion high or low! And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! and I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! 'Midst
none but I can know. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! and I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! For
charm poor Reynard's woe. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! and I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! On

ff CHORUS

all my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And
war's a - larmshersweetness charms. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And
all my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! And
May - day seen, my girl in green. When I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! When I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! When

I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! For all my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! 'Midst war's alarmshersweetness charms. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! For all my fan - cy dwells with Nan - cy. And I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho!
I'll sing, Tal - ly - ho! On May - day seen, my girl in green. When I sing, Tal - ly - ho!

LILLIBURLERO

In strict march time

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

PIANO

SOLO

CHORUS

Ho bro-ther Teague dost hear the de-cree
 O by my soul— it is the Tal-bot
 And the good Tal-bot is made— a lord
 Now the good Tal-bot is com-ing a-shore

Lil-li-bur-le - ro bul-len a la

SOLO

mp CHORUS

Dat we shall have— a new dep-u-tie
 And he will cut all the trai-tors throat
 And he with brave lads is com-ing a-board
 And we shall have— com-miss-ions gil-lore

Lil-li-bur-le - ro bul-len a la

Le - ro le - ro Lil-li-bur-le - ro Lil-li-bur-le - ro bul-len a la

Le - ro le - ro le - ro le - ro Lil-li-bur-le - ro bul-len a la

SOLO There was an old prophecy found in a bog
 CHORUS Lilliburlero bullen a la
 SOLO That we should be ruled by an ass and a hog
 CHORUS Lilliburlero bullen a la
 Lero lero, Lilliburlero (etc.)

SOLO The prophecy's true and now come to pass
 CHORUS Lilliburlero bullen a la
 SOLO For Talbot's the hog and James is the ass
 CHORUS { Lilliburlero bullen a la
 Lero lero, Lilliburlero (etc.)

THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Heartily

PIANO

mf

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody starts with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. This is followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a lively, folk-like feel. The bass line consists of a steady eighth-note pattern.

SOLO.

mf

When I was bound ap - pren - tice, in fam - ous Lin - coln - shire, Full
 As me and my com - pan - ions, were set - ting of a snare, 'Twas
 As me and my com - pan - ions, were set - ting four or five, And,
 I threw him on my shoul - der, and then we trudg - ed home, We
 Suc - cess to ev - 'ry gen - tle - man that lives in Lin - coln - shire, Suc -

The solo vocal melody is in G major, 6/8 time. It begins with a half note G, followed by a quarter note A, a quarter note B, and a half note C. The melody is simple and easy to remember, with a clear emphasis on the first note of each measure.

well I serv'd my mas - ter for more than sev - en year, Till
 then we spied the game - keep - er, for him we did not care, For
 tak - ing on 'em up a - gain, we caught a hare a - live, We
 took him to a neigh - bour's house and sold him for a crown, We
 cess to ev - 'ry poach - er that wants to sell a hare, Bad

The piano accompaniment for the second verse continues the melody from the first verse. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand that follows the vocal line. The piano part is simple and provides a good accompaniment for the vocal melody.

f CHORUS

I took up to poach - ing, as you shall quick - ly hear;
 we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er an - y - where. Oh, 'tis
 took the hare a - live, my boys, and through the woods did steer.
 sold him for a crown, my boys, but, I did not tell you where.
 luck to ev - 'ry game - keep - er that will not sell his deer.

The piano accompaniment for the chorus is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand that follows the vocal line. The piano part is simple and provides a good accompaniment for the vocal melody.

my de-light on a shin - ing night in the sea - son of the year.

The piano accompaniment for the final line is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a steady eighth-note bass line and a melody in the right hand that follows the vocal line. The piano part is simple and provides a good accompaniment for the vocal melody.

THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

109

(R. A. EASTBURN)

Arr. ERIC MAREO

Bucolically

PIANO

mf

SOLO

mf

My wife and I liv'd all a-lone, In a lit-tle log-hut we call'd our own;
When I go toil-ing to my farm I take little brown jug under my arm; I
If I'd a cow that gave such milk I'd clothe her in the fi-nest silk; I'd
The rose is red, my nose is too. The vi-o-lets blue and so are you; And

mf

She lov'd gin and I lov'd rum—I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
place it un-der a sha-dy tree—Lit-tle brown jug 'tis you and me.
feed her on the choi-cest hay And milk her for-ty times a day.
yet I guess, be-fore I stop, We'd bet-ter take a no-ther drop.)

CHORUS

Ha - ha - ha, you and me Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee

Ha - ha - ha, you and me Lit-tle brown jug, don't I love thee

LOCH LOMOND

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Sadly, but not too slowly

VOICE

SOLO

By— yon bon-nie banks, and by
I— mind where we part - ed in
The— wee bird-ies sing, and the

PIANO

p *f*

yon bon-nie braes, Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lo - mond, Where me and my true love were
yon sha - dy glen On the steep, steep side of Ben Lo - mond. Where in deep pur - ple hue the
wild flow-ers spring, And in sun - shine the wat - ers are sleep - ing, But the broken heart will ken nae

CHORUS

e - ver wont to gae, On the bon - nie, bon - nie banks o' Loch Lo - mond.
Hie - land hills we view, And the moon com - in' out in the gloam - in'. Oh
sec - ond spring a - gain, Tho' the wae - fu' may cease frae their greet - ing.

ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road, And I'll be in Scot-land a - fore ye; But

me and my true love will nev - er meet a - gain On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lo - mond.

LOWLANDS

111

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Slowly and broodingly

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

I dreamed a dream the o - ther night.
me at my bed - side.

CHORUS

SOLO

Low - lands, Low - lands a - way my John. My love she came dressed all in
All dressed in white like some fair

CHORUS

Verses 1 to 3 SOLO

Last

white. My— Low - lands a - way. 2 She came to
bride. 3 And brave-ly - way.

3.

SOLO And bravely in her bosom fair.

CHORUS Lowlands, Lowlands away my John.

SOLO A red red rose my love did wear.

CHORUS My Lowlands away.

4.

SOLO She made no sound no word she said.

CHORUS Lowlands, Lowlands away my John.

SOLO And then I knew my love was dead.

CHORUS My Lowlands away.

THE LONDONDERRY AIR

Arr KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Sadly, but not too slowly

VOICE *p* O qui-et

PIANO *mp* *p*

rest shine the dark-ling vales of sor-row, O soft-ly sleep the storm-y hills of
 the moun-tain tops of glo-ry, O qui-et gleam the hap-py fields of

pain The way they go who have no more to-mor-row, And turn not—
 love The way they go who have no more a stor-ry, And weep no—

back to look up-on their kind a-gain. But O to wake and feel the wind a-
 more to wake and find the stars a-bove. But O to hear the bus-y sea-birds

blow-ing A-cross the sea from that too dis-tant shore, To know the
 cry-ing Last calls of home that rend me ere we part, O were that

pain the bit-ter pain of go - ing From that dear land of my dreams I shall
I in my lone grave were ly - ing In that fair land where I've bur - ied my
see no more. O soft-ly own dead heart.

* YE HOLY ANGELS BRIGHT

R. BAXTER and R. R. CHOPE

"DARWALL'S 148th."

J. DARWALL

In moderate time

Ye ho - ly An - gels bright, Who wait at God's right hand, Or
Ye bless - ed souls at rest, Who ran this earth - ly race, And
My soul, bear thou thy part, Tri - umph in God a - bove: And
through the realms of light Fly at your Lords' com - mand, As - sist our
now, from sin re - leased, Be - hold the Sav - iour's face, God's prais - es
with a well-tuned heart Sing thou the songs of love! Let all thy
song, For else the theme Too high doth seem For mor - tal tongue.
sound, As in his light With sweet de - light Ye do a bound.
days Till life shall end, What - e'er he send, Be filled with praise.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

(H.C.WORK)

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Left, Right, Left!

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

Bring the good old bu-gle, boys, we'll sing an-o-ther song;
How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
Yes, and there were 'Union' men who wept with joyful tears,
So we made a thor-oughfare for free-dom and her train,

Sing it with a spi-rit that will start the world a-long!
How the turkeys gobbled which our commiss-a-ry found,
When they saw the hono-ur'd flag they had not seen for years,
Six-ty miles in lat-i-tude, three hun-dred to the main,

Sing it as we us'd to sing it fif-ty thousand strong!
How the sweet po-ta-toes ev-en started from the ground,
Hard-ly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
Treason fled be-fore us, for re-sistance was in vain,

CHORUS

While we were march-ing thro' Georg - ia.
While we were march-ing thro' Georg - ia.
While we were march-ing thro' Georg - ia.
While we were march-ing thro' Georg - ia.

Hur - rah! Hur-rah! We bring the Ju-bi-lee! Hur-

-rah! Hur-rah! the flag that makes you free! So we sang the chor-us from At -

-lan-ta to the sea! While we were march-ing thro' Georg - ia!

D.C.

THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

115

THOMAS OLIPHANT

Arr. ERIC MAREO

In firm march time

PIANO.

Piano introduction in G major, 2/4 time. The melody is played in the right hand with a strong, rhythmic march character, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4.

First verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

1. Hark! I hear the foe ad-vanc-ing, Barb-ed steeds are proud-ly pranc-ing;

Men of Har-lech lie ye dream-ing? See ye not their fal-chions gleam-ing;

2. Mid the fray, see dead and dy-ing, Friend and foe to- geth-er ly-ing;

Fright-end steeds are wild-ly neigh-ing, Braz-en trum-pets hoarse-ly bray-ing,

Second verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

Hel-mets, in the sunbeams glancing, Glit-ter through the trees.

While their pen-nons gai-ly streaming, Flut-ter in the breeze?

All a-round the ar-rows fly-ing, Scat-ter sud-den death!

Wound-ed men for mer-cy pray-ing, With their part-ing breath!

From the rocks re-bounding

See-they're in dis-or-der!-

Third verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

Let the war-cry sound-ing Sum-mon all At Cam-bria's call, The haughty-foe sur-

Com-rades, keep close or-der! Ev-er they Shall rue the day They ventured o'er the

Fourth verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

-round-ing- Men of Har-lech, on to glo-ry! See, your ban-ner fam'd in sto-ry

bor-der! Now the Sax-on, flees be-fore us; Vic-tory's ban-ner float-eth o'er us!

Fifth verse of the song. The vocal melody is in the right hand, and the piano accompaniment is in the left hand. The lyrics are:

Waves these burn-ing words be-fore ye, "Bri-tain scorns to the yield!"

Raise the loud, ex-ult-ing chor-us, "Bri-tain wins to the field!"

MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND

(STEPHEN C. FOSTER)

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Sadly and fairly slowly

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time. It begins with a melody in the right hand, marked *mf*, consisting of eighth and quarter notes. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

SOLO

The first system of the solo features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand, marked *mp*. The lyrics are: "Round de meadows am a ring - ing de dark-ey's mourn - ful song, While de mocking bird am sing - ing, When de Autumn leaves are fall - ing When de days were cold, 'Twas hard to hear old Mas - sa call - ing, Mas - sa make de dark-ies love him Cayse he was so kind, Now dey sad - ly weep a - bove him,"

The second system continues the solo with the following lyrics: "Hap - py as de day am long. Where de i - vy am a creep - ing O'er de grass - y mound, Cayse he were so weak and old. Now de orange tree am bloom - ing On de sand - y shore, Mourning cayse he leave dem be - hind. I can - not work be - fore to - mor - row Cayse de tear - drops flow, I

f CHORUS

The chorus begins with a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand, marked *f*. The lyrics are: "Dere old Mas - sa am a - sleep - ing, Sleeping in de cold, cold ground. Down in de corn - field Now de summer days are com - ing, Mas - sa neb - ber call no more. try to drive a - way my sor - row Pick - ing on de old ban - jo."

The second system of the chorus continues with the lyrics: "Hear dat mournful sound All de darkies am a weep - ing Massa's in de cold, cold ground."

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

117

MOORE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Tenderly, but not too slowly

PIANO

mp

There is not in the wide world a val - ley so sweet. As that
Yet it was not that na - ture had shed o'er the scene, Her—
'Twas that friends the be-loved of my bo - som were near, Whomade

vale in whose bo - som the bright wa - ters meet; O the last rays of feel - ing and
pur - est of crys - tal and bright - est of green, 'Twas not her soft mag - ic of
ev - 'ry dear scene of en - chant - ment more dear, And who felt how the best charms of

life must de - part, Ere the bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart, Ere the
stream - let or hill, O no! it was some - thing more ex - quis - ite still, O
na - ture im - prove, When we see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love, When we

End of last verse

bloom of that val - ley shall fade from my heart.
no! it was something more ex - quis - ite still.
see them re - flect - ed from looks that we love.

p

rall.

p

THE MERMAID

Arr. ERIC MAREO

Not too quickly, with a good swing *mf* SOLO

VOICE One Fri - day morn when we set sail, And our ship not far from

PIANO *mf*

land, We there did es-py a pret - ty fair maid, With a comb and a glass in her hand, her hand, her hand, With a

comb and a glass in her hand. *f* CHORUS While the rag - ing seas, the rag-ing seas did roar, And the

storm-y winds did blow, And we jol - ly sail-or boys were all up a-loft And the

land - lub-bers ly-ing down be-low, be-low, be-low, and the land - lub-bers ly-ing down be-low.

2
SOLO Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship
And a well-spoken captain was he,
"For the loss of our long boat we all shall be lost,
And go to the bottom of the sea!"

CHORUS For the raging seas did roar. etc.

4
SOLO Then up spoke the cook with his ladle in his hand
And a well-spoken cook was he,
"I care no more for the pots and pans
Than I do for the galleys of the sea!"

CHORUS For the raging seas did roar. etc.

3
SOLO Then up spoke the mate so sturdy for to view,
And a well-spoken mate was he,
"I've married a wife in fair London Town,
And to-night she will weep for me."

CHORUS For the raging seas did roar. etc.

5
SOLO Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
And she gave one whirl, and she gave one twirl,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.

CHORUS For the raging seas did roar. etc.

THE MILLER OF THE DEE

119

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Heartily

PIANO

mf

mf SOLO (ad lib.)

There was a jol - ly mil - ler once Lived on the riv - er Dee; — He
I live by my mill, she is to me Like par - ent, child and wife; — I
Thus, like the mil - ler, bold and free, Let us re - joice and sing; — The

worked and sang from morn till night, No lark as blithe as he. — And
would not change my sta - tion For a - ny o - ther in life. — No
days of youth are made for glee, And time is on the wing. — This

CHORUS

this the bur - den of his song For ev - er used to be — "I
law - yer, surgeon, or doc - tor, E'er had a groat from me — "I
song shall pass from me to thee, A - long this jo - vial ring — Let

care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me? —
care for no - bo - dy, no, not I, If no - bo - dy cares for me? —
heart and voice and all a - gree To say "Long live the King?" —

THE MINSTREL BOY

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

With bold rhythm

PIANO

The Min-strel Boy_ to the war is gone In the ranks of death you'll find him; His
 The Min-strel fell!_ but the foe - man's chain Could not bring his proud soul_ un - der; The

fa - ther's sword he has gird - ed on, And his wild harp slung be - hind him -
 harp he loved_ ne'er_ spoke a - gain, For he tore its chords a - sun - der; And

"Land of song!" said the war-rior - bard, "Though all the world be - trays_ thee, One
 said, "No chains shall sul - ly thee, Thou soul of love and brav - er - y! Thy

sword, at least, thy_ rights shall guard, One_ faith - ful harp_ shall praise thee"
 songs were made for the pure and free, They shall nev - er sound in_ slave - ry"

MY BONNIE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Keep it moving

VOICE

SOLO

My Bon - nie is o - ver the
O blow ye winds o - ver the
Last night as I lay on my
The winds have blown o - ver the

PIANO

mp

o - cean, My Bon - nie is o - ver the sea, My
o - cean, O blow ye winds o - ver the sea, O
pil - low, Last night as I lay on my bed Last
o - cean, The winds have blown o - ver the sea, The

Bon - nie is o - ver the o - cean, O bring back my Bon-nie to me.
blow ye winds o - ver the o - cean, And bring back my Bon-nie to me.
night as I lay on my pil - low, I dreamed that my Bon-nie was dead.
winds have blown o - ver the o - cean, And brought back my Bon-nie to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to me, to me;

Bring back, bring back, O bring back my Bon-nie to me!

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME

(STEPHEN C. FOSTER)

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Sadly but not slow

PIANO

mp

SOLO

The sun shines bright in the old Kentuck-y home, 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay; The
 They hunt no more for the 'pos-sum and the coon, On the meadow, the hill and the shore; They

cern-top's ripe and the mea-dow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day; The
 sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cab-in door; The

young folks roll on the lit-tle cab-in floor, All mer-ry, all hap-py and bright; By'n-
 day goes by like a sha-dow o'er the heart, With sor-row where all was de-light; The

gva

bye hard times come a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good night.
 time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Kentuck-y home, good night.

*colla
voce*

mf CHORUS 123

Weep no more, my la-dy, O weep no more to-day! We will

sing one song for the old Kentucky home, For the old Kentucky home, far a-way. Repeat Chorus

JESU, LOVER OF MY SOUL

"ABERYSTWYTH"

C. WESLEY

JOSEPH PARRY

Je - su, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bos-om fly, While the nearer
Oth - er re - fuge have I none; Hang my help-less soul on Thee; Leave, ah! leave me
Plen - teous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cleanse from every sin; Let the heal-ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high: Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide,
not a - lone, Still sup-port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
streams a - bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the foun-tain art;

Till the storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.
All my help from Thee I bring; Co - ver my de-fenceless head With the sha-dow of thy wing.
Free-ly let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with-in my heart, Rise to all e - tern-i - ty.

O MY LOVE IS LIKE A RED, RED ROSE

BURNS

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

VOICE *Earnestly* *mp* **SOLO**

O my love is like a red, red rose, That's
Till — a' the seas gang dry, my dear, And the

PIANO *mf* *mp*

new - ly sprung in June; O my love is like a mel - o - dy, That's sweet - ly play'd in tune. As
rocks melt in the sun, O I will love thee still, my dear, While the sands o' life shall run. And

fair art thou my bonnie lass, So deep in love am I, — And — I will love thee still my lass, Till
fare thee weel my on-ly love, And fare thee weel a - while, And — I will come a - gain, my love, Tho'

CHORUS *mf*

a the seas gang dry. Till a' the seas gang dry, my love, Till a' the seas gang dry, And
'twere ten thousand mile. Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile, And

I will love thee still, my dear, Till a' the seas gang dry.
I will come a - gain, my love, Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

NEW YEAR'S NIGHT

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Gaily

PIANO

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked 'Gaily' and 'f' (forte). The melody is in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

SOLO

CHORUS

Deck the hall with boughs of hol - ly,
 See the flow - ing bowl be - fore us,
 Fast a - way the old year pass - es,

Fa la la la la la la la la,

SOLO

CHORUS

'Tis the sea - son to be jol - ly,
 Strike the harp and join the chor - us,
 Hail the new, ye lads and lass - es,

Fa la la la la la la la la,

SOLO

CHORUS

Fill the mead cup, raise the wass - ail,
 Fol - low me in mer - ry meas - ure,
 Laugh - ing, quaff - ing all to - geth - er,

Dad lea dad lea la la la,

SOLO

CHORUS

Troll the an - cient Christ - mas Ca - rol,
 While I sing of beau - ty's treas - ure,
 Heed - less of the wind and weath - er,

Fa la la la la la la la la.

O THE OAK AND THE ASH

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Not slow. SOLO (ad lib)

VOICE

PIANO *mp*

A
While
No

north coun - try maid up to Lon - don had stray'd, Al - though with her na - ture it
sad - ly I roam, I re - gret my dear home, Where - lads and young lass - es are
doubt, did I please, I could mar - ry with ease, Where - maid - ens are fair, ma - ny

did not a - gree; She - wept and she sigh'd, And she bit - ter - ly cried, I -
mak - ing the hay; The - bells they do ring, and the birds - they do sing, And the
lov - ers will come; But - he whom I wed must be north - coun - try bred, And -

CHORUS *f*

wish once a - gain in the north I could be.
fields and the gar - dens so plea - sant and gay. Oh! the oak and the ash and the
car - ry me back to my north - coun - try home.

bon - ny i - vy tree, They - flour - ish at home in my own coun - try.

★ O COME, ALL YE FAITHFUL

127

"ADESTE FIDELES"

With elation

O come all ye faith - ful Joy-ful, and tri - um - phant O come ye, O
 God of — God, — Light of — Light, — Lo! — he ab -
 See how the Shep - herds Summoned to his cra - dle. Leav - ing their
 Lo! star-led chief - tains Mag-i, Christ a - dor - ing, Of - fer him

come ye to Beth - - - le - hem; Come and be - hold — him
 - hors not the Vir - - - gin's womb; Ve ry — God, — Be - -
 flocks draw nigh with low - - - ly fear; We too will thith - er
 in - cense, gold, and myrrh; We to the Christ Child

Born the King of An - gels.
 - got - ten, not cre - a - ted: O come, let us a - dore him, O come, let us a -
 Bend our joy-ful foot - steps:
 Bring our hearts ob - la - tions:

- dore him, O come, let us a - dore him, — Christ — the Lord!

Pedals.

5.
 Child, for us sinners
 Poor and in the manger,
 Fain we embrace thee, with awe and love,
 Who would not love thee
 Loving us so dearly
 O come, let us adore him, etc.

6.
 Sing, choirs of Angels,
 Sing in exultation,
 Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above;
 Glory to God
 In the Highest:
 O come, let us adore him, etc.

7.
 Yea, Lord, we greet thee,
 Born this happy morning,
 Jesu, to thee be glory given;
 Word of the Father,
 Now in flesh appearing:
 O come, let us adore him, etc.

★ O FAITH OF ENGLAND

"PSALM 68"

M. GREITER

T. A. L.

In moderate time, very dignified

O Faith of Eng - land, taught of old By faith-ful shep-herds of the
 Our fa - thers heard the trum-pet call Thro' low - ly cot and king - ly
 Our fa - thers held the faith re - ceived, By Saints de - clared, by Saints be -
 Though fre - quent be the loud a - larms, Though still we march by ambushed

fold, The hallowing of our na - tion; Thou wast thro' many a weal - thy year,
 hall From o - ver-sea re - sound - ing; They bowed their stub - born wills to learn
 - lieved, By Saints in death de - fend - ed; Thro' pain of doubt and bit - ter - ness,
 arms Of death and hell sur - round - ed; With Christ for chief we fear no foe,

Thro' many a dark - ened day of fear The rock of our sal - va - tion;
 The truths that live, the thoughts that burn, With new re - solve a - bound - ing;
 Thro' pain of trea - son and dis - tress, They for the right con - tend - ed;
 Nor force nor craft can o - ver - throw The Church that he has found - ed;

A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian men, Your glo - rious stan - dard raise a - gain The
 A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian men, Your glo - rious stan - dard raise a - gain The
 A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian men, Your glo - rious stan - dard raise a - gain The
 A - rise, a - rise, good Chris - tian men, Your glo - rious stan - dard raise a - gain The

Cross of Christ who calls you; Who bids you live and bids you die
 Cross of Christ who guides you; Whose arm is bared to join the fray,
 Cross of Christ who bought you; Who leads you forth in this new age
 Cross wherewith he signed you; The King him - self shall lead you on,

For his great cause and stands on high To wit - ness what be - falls you.
 Who mar - shalls you in stern ar - ray, Fear - less, what - e'er be - tides you.
 With long - en - dur - ing hearts to wage The war - fare he has taught you.
 Shall watch you till the strife be done, Then near his throne shall find you.

OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT

129

MOORE

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE

PIANO

Quietly and fairly slow

SOLO

mp

Oft in the still-y night, Ere slum - ber's chain has
When I re - member all The friends so linked to -

bound - me, Fond mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me; The
- geth - er, I've seen a - round me fall Like leaves in win - try weath - er: I

smiles, the tears, of boy - hood's years, The words of love then spok - en, The eyes that shone, now
feel like one who treads a - lone Some ban - quet hall de - sert - ed, Whose lights are fled, whose

CHORUS

dimm'd and gone, The cheer - ful hearts now bro - ken! Thus in the still-y night, Ere
gar - lands dead, And all but he de - part - ed!

slumber's chain has bound me, Sad mem' - ry brings the light of oth - er days a - round me!

OLD BLACK JOE

(STEPHEN C. FOSTER)

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Very sadly, but keep moving

PIANO

mp

mp SOLO

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
 Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
 Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The child - ren so dear that I

cot - ton fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land I know, I
 friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go, I
 held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go, I

CHORUS

hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe!" I'm com - ing, I'm com - ing, For my
 hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe!"
 hear their gen - tle voic - es call - ing "Old Black Joe!"

head is bend - ing low; I hear their gen - tle voic - es Call - ing "Old Black Joe!"

DE OLD FOLKS AT HOME

131

(STEPHEN C. FOSTER)

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Not too sentimentally

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

mf

1 Way down up-on de Swan-ee rib-ber,
2 All roun' de lit-tle farm I wandered,
3 One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es,

Far far a-way, Dere's where my heart is turn-ing eb-ber: Dere's where de ole folks stay.
When I was young; Den ma-ny hap-py days I squandered, Ma-ny de songs I sung.
One dat I love, Still sad-ly to my mem-'ry rush-es, No mat-ter where I rove.

All up and down de whole cre-a-tion Sad-ly I roam, Still long-ing for de
When I was play-ing wid my brudder, Hap-py was I, O take me to my
When shall I see de bees a-humming All roun' de comb? When shall I hear de

CHORUS

ole plan-ta-tion And for de ole folks at home. } All de world am sad and drea-ry Eb-'ry-where I
kind ole mudder, Dere let me lib and die.
ban-jo strumming, Down in de good ole home? }

roam, O darkeys, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de ole folks at home. home.

All except last chorus Last chorus

rall.

OLD KING COLE

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Humourously *mf* SOLO

VOICE Old King Cole was a mer-ry old soul and a

PIANO

mer-ry old soul was he, He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl, And he

called for his { fid - dlers three. Now ev - 'ry fid - dler had a fine fid - dle, And a
pip - ers three. Ev - 'ry pip - er he had a fine pipe, And a

f CHORUS *★ These two bars are repeated as many times as the verse requires*

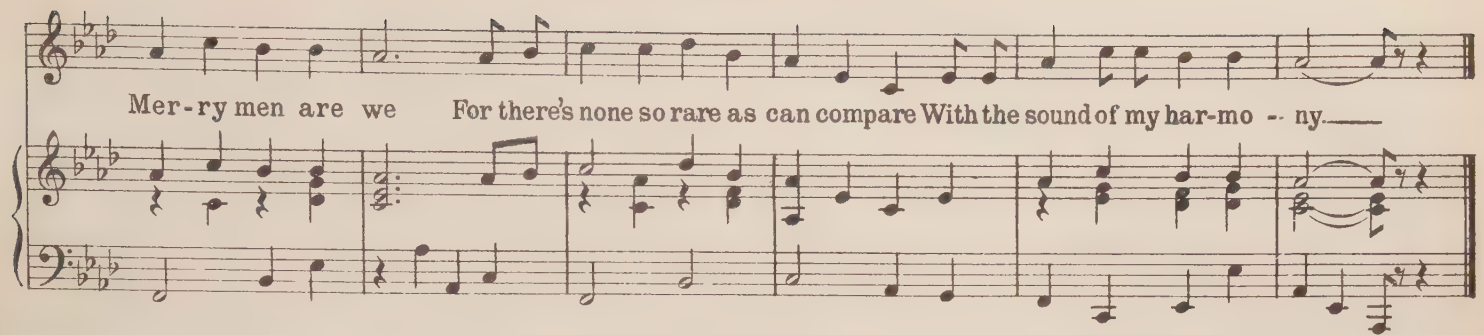
ve - ry fine fid - dle had he. Then 1 fid - dle - did - dle dee, fid - dle dee went the fid - dlers,
ve - ry fine pipe had he. Then 2 fid - dle - did - dle dee, fid - dle dee went the fid - dlers,
Toot - le - toot - le - too, toot - le - too went the pip - ers,

SOLO Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his harpers three.
Ev'ry harper he had a fine harp,
And a very fine harp had he.

SOLO Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he,
He called for his pipe and he called for his bowl,
And he called for his drummers three,
Ev'ry drummer he had a fine drum,
And a very fine drum had he.

CHOR. Then fiddle-diddle dee, fiddle dee went the fiddlers
Tootle-tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
Twang-a-twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
Merry men are we etc.

CHOR. Then fiddle-diddle dee, fiddle dee went the fiddlers
Tootle-tootle-too, tootle-too went the pipers,
Twang-a-twang-a-twang, twang-a-twang went the harpers,
Rub-a-dub-a-dub, rub-a-dub went the drummers,
Merry men are we etc.



(ARMY VERSION)

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Privates three.
 Now every Private had a great thirst,
 And a very great thirst had he,
 "Beer! Beer! Beer!" said the Private,
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Sergeants three.
 Now every Sergeant had a loud voice
 And a very loud voice had he,
 "Move to the right in fours," said the Sergeant
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Subalterns three.
 Now every Subaltern had a big grouse,
 And a very big grouse had he,
 "We do all the work," said the Subaltern.
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Captains three.
 Now every Captain had a fine figure,
 And a very fine figure had he,
 "We want three months leave," said the Captain
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Majors three.
 Now every Major had a big swear,
 And a very big swear had he,
 "Blankety, blankety, blank," said the Major
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Colonels three.
 Now every Colonel had a sore head,
 And a very sore head had he, [Colonel,
 "What's the next word of command," said the
 For merry men are we,
 And there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,
 And a merry old soul was he,
 He called for his pipe, and he called for his bowl,
 And he called for his Generals three.
 Now every General had two red tabs
 And two red tabs had he,
 "What's the plan of campaign," said the General,
 "What's the next word of command," said the Colonel,
 "Blankety, blankety, blank," said the Major,
 "We want three months leave," said the Captain,
 "We do all the work," said the Subaltern,
 "Move to the right in fours," said the Sergeant,
 "Beer! Beer! Beer!" said the Private
 Very merry men are we,
 For there's none so fair as can compare
 With the boys of the AR-R-MY.

OLD TOWLER

Arr. ROBIN MILFORD

Briskly *mf* SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

Bright chan-ti-cleer pro-claims the dawn, And
The cor-dial takes its mer-ry round, The
Poor stag! the dogs thy haun-ches gore, The

span-gles deck the thorn;— The low-ing herds now quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn. — Dogs,
laugh and joke pre-vail, — The hunts-man blows a jo-vial sound, The dogs snuff up — the gale; — The
tears run down thy face; — The hunts-man's plea-sure is no more, His joys were in — the chase. — A -

hunts-men, round the win-dow throng, Fleet Towl-er leads the cry, — A - rise the bur-den of — their song, "This
up-land winds they sweep a - long, O'er fields, thro' brakes they fly; — The game is rous'd, too true — the song, "This
-like the sports-men of the town, The vir-gin game in view, — Are full con-tent to run — them down, Then

CHORUS

day a stag must die." With a hey, ho, chiv-ey! — Hark for'ard, hark for'ard Tan-tiv-y! With a
day a stag must die." they in turn pur-sue.

hey, ho, chiv-ey! — Hark for'ard hark for'ard Tan-tiv-y! Hark for'ard, Hark

for-'ard, Hark for-'ard Hark for-'ard Hark! Hark! Hark! Tan-

-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y, Tan-tiv-y

A - rise the bur - den of their song "This day a stag must
The game is rous'd too true the song "This day a stag must
Are full con-tent to run them down Then they in turn pur-

die, This day a stag must die, This day a stag must die, This day a stag must die,
-sue, Then they in turn pur - sue, Then they in turn pur - sue.

GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD, THIS NIGHT

"TALLIS' CANON"

BISHOP KEN

T. TALLIS

Slow and dignified

Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night For all the bless - ings of the light;
For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done,
Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
Praise God, from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him, all crea - tures here be - low,

Keep me, O keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - might - y wings.
That with the world, my - self and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
Teach me to die, that so I may Rise glo - rious at the aw - ful day.
Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host, Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

*When sung as a canon the second voice begins here
From "The English Hymnal"

ONE MAN WENT TO MOW

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Commence each verse with these two bars then go to appropriate bar as numbered.

VOICE

One man
Two men
Three men
etc. "

went to mow,

went to mow a meadow;

One man and his dog

PIANO

1

went to mow a mea-dow.

Two men, one man and his dog

went to mow a mea-dow.

Three men, two men,

one man and his dog

went to mow a mea-dow.

Four men, three men, two men,

one man and his dog

went to mow a mea-dow.

Five men, four men, three men, two men,

one man and his dog

went to mow a mea-dow.

6

6 men, 5 men, 4 men, 3 men, 2 men, 1 man and his dog went to mow a mea-dow.

7

7 men, 6 men, 5 men, 4 men, 3 men, 2 men, 1 man and his dog went to mow a mea-dow.

8

8 men, 7 men, 6 men, 5 men, 4 men, 3 men, 2 men, 1 man and his dog went to mow a mea-dow.

9

9 men, 8 men, 7 men, 6 men, 5 men, 4 men, 3 men, 2 men, 1 man and his dog went to mow a mea-dow.

10

10 men, 9 men, 8 men, 7 men, 6 men, 5 men, 4 men, 3 men,

2 men, 1 man and his dog went to mow a mea-dow.

ff *sf* FINE.

ONE MORE RIVER

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

VOICE

PIANO

f SOLO

Old No - ah once he
He went to work to
The an-i-mals went in
The an-i-mals went in

CHORUS

SOLO

CHORUS

built the ark,
load his stock,
one by one,
two by two,

There's one more riv-er to cross;

And patched it up with hick-o - ry bark,
He anchored the ark with a great big rock,
The el - e-phant chewing a car-a-way bun,
The rhin-o - cer-os and the kan - ga-roo,

There's

one more riv-er to cross. *ff* One more riv-er, and that's the riv-er of

Jor - dan, One more riv-er, There's one more riv-er to cross.

SOLO 5. The animals went in three by three
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO The bear, the flea, and the bumble bee.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 6. The animals went in four by four,
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO Old Noah got mad and hollered for more.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 7. The animals went in five by five,
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO With Saratoga trunks they did arrive.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 8. The animals went in six by six,
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO The hyena laughed at the monkey's tricks.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 9. The animals went in seven by seven,
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO Said the ant to the elephant, "who are you a-shovin'?"
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 10. The animals went in eight by eight
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO They came with a rush 'cause 'twas so late.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 11. The animals went in nine by nine
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO Old Noah shouted, "cut that line."
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 12. The animals went in ten by ten,
CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
SOLO The ark she blew her whistle then.
CHORUS There's one more river to cross, etc.

SOLO 13. And then the voyage did begin,
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
 SOLO Old Noah pulled the gang-plank in.
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross. etc.

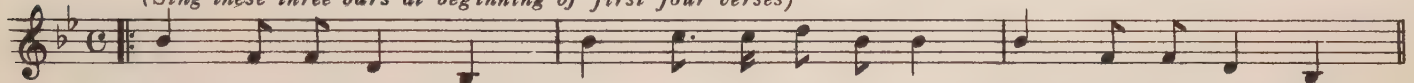
SOLO 14. They never knew where they were at
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
 SOLO Till the old ark bumped on Ararat.
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross. etc.

SOLO 15. The old ark landed high and dry,
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
 SOLO The cow kissed the baboon good-bye.
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross. etc.

SOLO 16. Now please just look out for the text,
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross;
 SOLO To be continued in our next.
 CHORUS There's one more river to cross. etc.

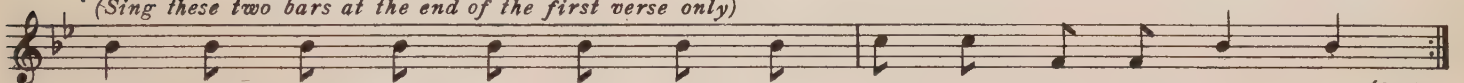
GREEN GROW THE RUSHES-HO

(Sing these three bars at beginning of first four verses)



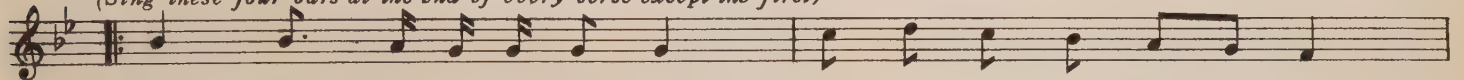
I'll sing you one - ho!	} Green grow the rush-es - ho.	What is your one ho?
I'll sing you two - ho!		What are your two ho?
I'll sing you three - ho!		What are your three ho?
I'll sing you four - ho!		What are your four ho?

¹ (Sing these two bars at the end of the first verse only)




One is one and all a - lone and ev - er more shall be so. (back to beginning)

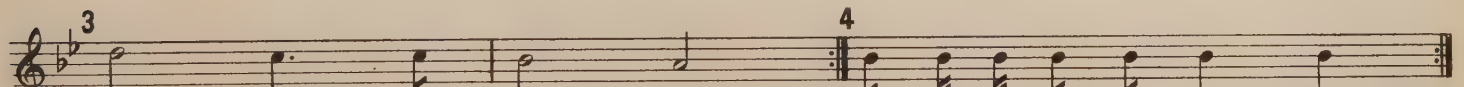
² (Sing these four bars at the end of every verse except the first)



Two, two the lil - y white boys, cloth - ed all in green - ho,



One is one and all a - lone and ev - er more shall be so. (back to beginning for 2 verses)



³ Three, three the riv - als, (back to 2) ⁴ Four for the Gos - pel mak - ers, (back to 3)

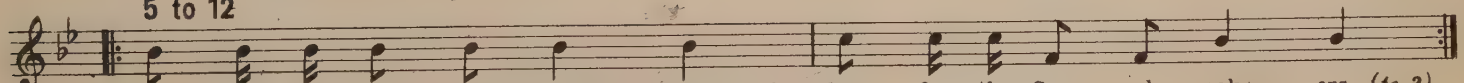
(Sing these three bars at beginning of verses V to XII)

I'll sing you five - ho!
I'll sing you six - ho!
I'll sing you seven - ho!
I'll sing you eight - ho!
I'll sing you nine - ho!
I'll sing you ten - ho!
I'll sing you eleven - ho!
I'll sing you twelve - ho!

Green grow the rush-es - ho.

What are your five - ho?
What are your six - ho?
What are your seven - ho?
What are your eight - ho?
What are your nine - ho?
What are your ten - ho?
What are your eleven - ho?
What are your twelve - ho?

5 to 12



Five for the sym - bols at your door and four for the Gos - pel mak - ers, (to 3)
Six for the six proud walk - ers, (to 5)
Seven for the seven stars in the sky and six for the six proud walk - ers, (to 5)
Eight for the A - pril rain - ers, (to 7)
Nine for the nine bright shin - ers, (to 8)
Ten for the ten com - mand - ments, (to 9)
Eleven for the eleven went up to heaven and ten for the ten com - mand - ments (to 9)
Twelve for the twelve A - pos - tles, (to 11)

ON ILKLEY MOOR BAHT 'AT

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Loud and fairly fast

VOICE

1 Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?

PIANO

On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at.

Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?

Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw

Wheear 'as tha been sin' ah saw thee?

thee?

On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at. On

Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at. On Ilk - ley Moor baht 'at.

- 2 Tha's been a coortin' Mary Jane.
- 3 Tha'll go and get thi deeath o' cowld.
- 4 Then we shall ha' to bury thee.
- 5 Then t'worms'll come an' ate thee up.

- 6 Then t'ducks'll come an' ate up t'worms.
- 7 Then we shall go an' ate up t'ducks.
- 8 Then we shall all 'ave etten thee.
- 9 That's wheear we get our oahn back.

OULD JOHN BRADDLEUM

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Stolidly

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

CHORUS

Num - ber One, Num - ber One; Now my song has just be - gun,
 Num - ber Two, Num - ber Two; Some boots pinch, so gie I a shoe,
 Num - ber Three, Num - ber Three; Some likes cof - fee, and some likes tea,
 Num - ber Fowre, Num - ber Fowre; Some says nowt, but thinks the mowre;

Wi' a

Rum - tum - tad - dle - um, Ould John Brad - dle - um, Hey, what coun - try folk we be!

5

SOLO Number Foive, Number Foive;
 Ould folks die when they can't stop alive;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

6

SOLO Number Six, Number Six;
 Some use crutches when they can't use sticks;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

7

SOLO Number Seven, Number Seven;
 Some loikes t'other place, gie I Heaven;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

8

SOLO Number Eight, Number Eight;
 Some folks drink till they can't walk straight;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

9

SOLO Number Nine, Number Nine;
 Some drinks beer 'cos they can't get wine;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

10

SOLO Number Ten, Number Ten;
 There beant no women where they beant no men;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

11

SOLO Number Eleven, Number Eleven;
 Much about t'same as number seven;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

12

SOLO Number Twelve, Number Twelve;
 If you wants any mowre you can sing it yerselves;
 CHORUS Wi' a Rum-tum-taddle-um, etc.

O, WHO WILL O'ER THE DOWNS

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With strength, but expressive

VOICE

PIANO

O, who will o'er the downs so free, O who will with me ride, O
 saw her bower at twi - light grey, 'Twas guard - ed safe and sure, I
 prom - ised her to come at night With com - rades brave and true, A

who will up and fol - low me, To win a bloom - ing bride? Her fath - er he has
 saw her bower at break of day, 'Twas guard - ed then no more. The var - lets they were
 gal - lant band with sword in hand, To break her pris - on through. I prom - ised her to

All except last time

locked the door, Her moth - er keeps the key, But neith - er door nor bolt shall part My
 all a - sleep, And none was there to see The greet - ing fair that pass - ed there Be -
 come at night, She's wait - ing now for me, And

Last time

own true love from me. 2 I ere the dawn of morn - ing light I'll set my true love
 - tween my love and me. 3 I

free, And ere the dawn of morn - ing light I'll set my true love free.

O WILLIE BREWED A PECK O' MAUT

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

With spirit

PIANO

Piano introduction in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is played in the right hand, and the bass line is in the left hand. The tempo is marked 'With spirit'.

SOLO

Solo vocal melody in the right hand, with piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time.

O, — Wil - lie brewed a — peck o' maut, And — Bob and Al - len cam' to pree, Three
Here are we met, three mer - ry boys, Three mer - ry boys I trow we be; And

Piano accompaniment for the second verse, continuing the melody from the first verse.

blith - er hearts that — lee - lang night Ye — wad - na find in Christ - en - die.
mony a night we've mer - ry been, And — mo - ny mair we hope to be.

CHORUS

Chorus vocal melody in the right hand, with piano accompaniment in the left hand. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time.

We are na fou', we're no — that fou', But just a drap-pie in our e'e, The

Piano accompaniment for the end of the first and second verses. The melody is in G major, 4/4 time.

cock - may craw, The day may daw, Büt aye we'll taste the bar-ley bree. bar-ley bree.

PEACEFUL NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With a gentle swing

VOICE

PIANO

Peace-ful night, ho - ly night! All a - round is calm de-light;
 Peace-ful night, ho - ly night! Far a - bove_ a star shines bright;

See the Maid and Mo - ther mild, Watch - ing o'er_ her dar - ling child,
 Tell - ing all_ who vi - gil keep, Pa - tient shepherds who guard their sheep,

Where he lies_ a - sleep, _____
 Christ our Lord_ is here, _____

Where he lies a - sleep. _____
 Christ our Lord is here. _____

pp

THE PIPER O' DUNDEE

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly fast and well marked.

VOICE

SOLO

PIANO

The pip-er came to our town, to
He played 'The Welcome owre the Main' And

our town, to our town, The pip-er came to our town, and
"Ye'se be fou an' I'se be fain" and "Auld Stu-art's back a-gain" wi'

he played bon-nie-lie. He played a spring the laird to please, a
muck-le mirth and glee. He played "The Kirk," he played "The Queer," The

spring brent new frae yont the seas; and then he gae his bays a wheeze and played an-ith-er key. } And
Mu-lin Dhu" and "Che-val-ier," and "Lang a-wa' but welcome here" sae sweet, sae bon-nie-lie. }

was na he a ro-guy, a ro-guy, a ro-guy, and was na he a ro-guy, the pip-er of Dun-dee.

POLLY - WOLLY - DOODLE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With spirit

PIANO

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

Oh, my Sal she am a— maid - en fair:
Oh I came to a river, and I couldn't get a-cross
Oh! a grass-hopper sitting on a rail - road track
Be - hind a barn up - on my knees
He sneezed so hard wid de hoop in' cough

Sing "Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle" all the day!

With
And I
A -
I ____
He __

CHORUS

laugh - ing eyes and— cur - ly hair,
jumped up on a nigger, for I thought he was a hoss,
pickin' his teef wid a car - pet tack,
thought I heard a— chick - en sneeze.
sneezed his head and his tail right off.

Sing "Pol-ly-wol-ly-doo-dle" all the day!

Fare thee

well!

Fare thee well!

Fare - well my fai - ry fay!

Oh I'm off to Loui-si-an-a, For to

see my Su - sy An - na, Sing-ing "Pol - ly - wol - ly - doo - dle," all the day!

day!

All except last Chorus *Last time*

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

Broadly, with expression

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a flowing melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, both using eighth and sixteenth notes.

SOLO

mp

It's a long time now I've been wait-ing
When you go to your home o'er the o - cean,
And should you ev - er re - turn—

For those words that you nev - er will say;
Oh re - mem - ber the ma - ny hap - py hours
To this lone prair - ie land of the West,

And it's
That you
May the

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal solo is in 4/4 time, marked *mp*. It provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal line with chords and moving lines in both hands.

now that my fond heart is break-ing,
spent in the Red Riv - er Val - ley,
white girl you mar - ry re - mem - ber

For they say you are go - ing a - way.
And the love you exchanged midst its bowers.
That the Red Maid - en loved you the best.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal solo is in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. It continues the harmonic support for the vocal line with sustained chords and melodic fragments.

CHORUS

mf

Then ling - er awhile ere you leave us,

Do not hast - en to bid us a - dieu,

But re -

The piano accompaniment for the chorus is in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a more active bass line with eighth notes and chords in the right hand.

- mem - ber the Red Riv - er Val - ley—

And the maid - en who loved you so true.

The piano accompaniment for the final line of the chorus is in 4/4 time, marked *mf*. It concludes the piece with a series of chords and a final melodic flourish in the right hand.

RICHARD OF TAUNTON DENE

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly quickly and with point

PIANO *mf*

mf SOLO

Last New Year's Day, as I've heard say, Young Rich-ard he mounted his dap - ple grey, And
Miss Jean she came with - out de - lay To hear what young Dicky had got - to say; "I
"I'm hon - est, though I be - but poor, I nev - er was in love - be - fore; My
"Sup - pose that I should be - your bride, Pray how would you for me - pro - vide? For

CHORUS

trot - ted a - long from Taun - ton Dene To court the par - son's daugh - ter Jean, }
s'pose you do know me, Mis - tress Jean, I'm hon - est Richard of Taun - ton Dene." Singing
moth - er bade me come to woo, And I can fan - cy none but you?" }
I can neith - er sew nor spin; Pray what would your days work bring in?" }

dum - ble - dum dear - y, dum - ble - dum dear - y, dum - ble - dum dear - y, dum - ble - dum day

5

SOLO "Why, I can plough and I can sow,
And sometimes to market go
With Farmer Johnson's strour and hay,
And I can earn my ninepence every day.
CHORUS Singing etc.

6

SOLO "Ninepence a day will never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
Ninepence a day won't buy us meat."
"Adzooks," says Dick, "I've a sack of wheat."
CHORUS Singing etc.

7

SOLO Dick's compliments did so delight,
They made the family laugh outright.
Young Richard took huff, no more would say,
He kicked up old Dobbin and rode away.
CHORUS Singing etc.

THE RIO GRANDE

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

With a swing

PIANO

*mf**mf* SOLO*f* CHORUS*mf* SOLO

O say, were you ev - er in Ri - o Grande,
 bye, fare you well, all you la-dies of town,
 pack up your don-key and get un-der way,
 you Bower-y la - dies, we'd have you to know,

O ————— Ri-o ————— It's
 We've
 The
 Were

there that the ri - ver runs down gold - en strand, And we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.
 left you e - nough for to buy a silk gown. For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.
 girls we are leav - ing can take our half - pay For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.
 bound to the Southward, O Lord let us go! For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande.

ff CHORUS

Then a - way love, a - way,

Way ————— down Ri - o ————— O.

fare ye well, my pret - ty young gal, For we're bound for the Ri - o Grande. And good Grande
 So it's
 Now

All except last Chor. Last time

ROBIN ADAIR

With feeling

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 3/4 time, marked *mf*. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a G4 quarter note, followed by a half note G4-A4, and then a quarter note G4. The bass staff begins with a G3 half note, followed by a half note G3-A3, and then a quarter note G3. The melody continues with eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a gentle, flowing accompaniment.

The first vocal system consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in treble clef, key of D major, and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "What's this dull town to me? Ro - bin's not here. What made th'as - sem - bly shine? Ro - bin A - dair. But now thou'rt cold to me. Ro - bin A - dair." The piano accompaniment is in bass clef, key of D major, and 3/4 time, marked *mp*. It provides a steady harmonic support for the vocal melody.

The second vocal system continues the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "What wasn't I wished to see? What wished to hear? What made the ball so fine? Ro - bin A - dair. And I no more shall see Ro - bin A - dair." The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure, marked *mp*.

The third vocal system continues the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "Where's all the joy and mirth Made this town a heav'n on earth? What when the play was o'er, What made my heart so sore? Yet him I loved so well Still in my heart shall dwell;" The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure, marked *mp*.

The fourth vocal system concludes the song. The vocal line lyrics are: "Oh! they're all fled with thee, Ro - bin A - dair. Oh! it was part - ing with Ro - bin A - dair. Oh! I can ne'er for - get Ro - bin A - dair." The piano accompaniment continues with the same harmonic structure, marked *mp*, and ends with a final chord in D major.

ROW, DOW, DOW, OR THE DRUM

151

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

In march time

VOICE

PIANO

f detached

SOLO

Great
And
When
If

Cae - sar once re - nowned in fame For a might - y arm - and a laur - elled brow, with his
Marl - borough when he took the field, The his - tor - i - ans - all will tell - you how, At
Well - ing - ton met Bon - a - parte, 'Twas just the same I will - a - vow; Un -
when in - va - ders dare to come Up - on our shores, should fate - al - low, In

"ve - ni, vi - di, vi - ci" came, And con - quered the world with his row, dow, dow.
Blen - heim and at Ou - den - arde, Great vic - tor - ies won with his row, dow, dow.
- till at last, at Wa - ter - loo, The French - men ran from his row, dow, dow.
free - dom's cause we'll beat the drum And they'll all fly at its row, dow, dow.

ff CHORUS

Row, dow, dow, row, dow, dow, And con - quered the world with his row, dow, dow.
Great vic - tor - ies won with his row, dow, dow.
The French - men ran from his row, dow, dow.
And they'll all fly at its row, dow, dow.

* A SAFE STRONGHOLD OUR GOD IS STILL

"EIN' FESTE BURG"

Tr. THOMAS CARLYLE

MARTIN LUTHER

Very slow and solemn

A safe strong - hold our God is still,
 With force of arms we noth - ing can,
 And were this world all dev - ils o'er
 God's word, for all their craft and force,

A trus - ty shield and wea - pon; He'll help us clear from
 Full soon were we down - rid - den; But for us fights the
 And watch - ing to de - vour us, We lay it not to
 One mo - ment will not ling - er, But, spite of hell, shall

all the ill That hath us now o'er - tak - en.
 prop - er Man, Whom God him - self hath bid - den.
 heart so sore; Not they can ov - er - power us.
 have its course; 'Tis writ - ten by his fing - er.

The an - cient prince of hell Hath ris'n with pur - pose fell;
 Ask ye, Who is this same? Christ Je - sus is His name,
 And let the prince of ill Look grim as e'er he will,
 And though they take our life, Goods, hon - our, child - ren, wife,

Strong mail of craft and pow'r He wear - eth in this
 The Lord Sa - ba - oth's Son; He, and no oth - er
 He harms us not a whit; For why? - his doom is
 Yet is their prof - it small; These things shall van - ish

hour; On earth is not his fel - low.
 one, Shall con - quer in the bat - tle.
 writ; A word shall quick - ly slay him.
 all, The cit - y of God re - main - eth.

THE SAILOR LIKES HIS BOTTLE, O

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Rollicking

VOICE

CHORUS

So
So
So

PIANO

f

SOLO

mf

ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes his bot - tle, O. A
 ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes his bac - cy, O. A
 ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes the lass - es, O. The

f

mf

CHORUS

bot - tle o' rum and a bot - tle o' gin, And a bot - tle o' I - rish whis - ky O. So
 pac - ket o' shag, and a pac - ket o' twist, And a pac - ket o' Yan - kee Doo - dle O. So
 lass - es o' Blyth, and the lass - es o' Shields And the lass - es a - cross the wa - ter O. So

ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes his bot - tle, O.
 ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes his bac - cy, O.
 ear - ly in the morn - ing The sail - or likes the lass - es, O.

f

ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Quick, and with humour

VOICE

SOLO

Oh, St. Pat-rick was a gen-tle-man, Who came of de-cent
The Wick-low hills are ver-y high, And so's the Hill of
There's not a mile in Ireland's isle Where dir-ty varmint
Nine hundred thousand rep-tiles' blue He charm'd with sweet dis-

PIANO

peo-ple; He built a church in Dub-lin town, And on it put a stee-ple. His fath-er was a
Howth, sir; But there's a hill much big-ger still, Much high-er nor them both, sir. 'Twas on the top of
mus-ters, But there he put his dear fore-foot, And mur-der'd them in clus-ters. The toads went pop the
-cours-es, And dined on them at Kil-la-loe In soups and sec-ond cours-es. Where blind-worms crawling

Gall-ag-her, His moth-er was a Bra-dy; His aunt was an O' Shaughnes-sy His un-cle was an O' Gra-dy.
this high hill St. Pat-rick preach'd his sarmint, That drove the frogs in-to the bogs, And ban-ish'd all the varmint.
frogs went hop, Slap-dash in-to the wat-er, And the snakes committed su-i-cide To save themselves from slaughter.
in the grass Dis-gust-ed all the na-tion, He gave them a rise which open'd their eyes To a sense of their si-tu-a-tion.

ff CHORUS

So suc-cess at-tend St. Pat-rick's fist, For he's a Saint so clev-er; Oh he

gave the snakes and toads a twist, And ban-ish'd them for ev-er.

SALLY BROWN

155

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Smooth and even, and fairly fast

VOICE

PIANO

mf

SOLO

CHORUS

1 Sal - ly Brown, she's a bright mu - lat - ter.
 2 Sal - ly Brown, she has a daugh-ter.
 3 Seven long years I court - ed Sal - ly. Way - ay - y, Roll and go.

f

SOLO

CHORUS

D. §

She drinks rum and chews ter - bac - cer.
 Sent me sail - in' cross the wa - ter.
 Sev'n long years I court - ed Sal - ly. Spend my mon - ey on Sal - ly Brown.

f

4

SOLO Sally Brown, I'm bound to leave you,
 CHORUS Way-ay-a, Roll and go.
 SOLO Sally Brown, I'll not deceive you.
 CHORUS Spend my money on Sally Brown.

5

SOLO Sally lives on the old plantation,
 CHORUS Way-ay-a, Roll and go.
 SOLO She belongs to Wild Goose nation.
 CHORUS Spend my money on Sally Brown.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

VOICE

PIANO

mf

Of all the
Of all the
My mas-ter

girls — that are so smart, — There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the
days — with-in the week, — I dear - ly love but one day, And that's the
and — the neighbours all — Make game of me and Sal-ly, And but for

dar - ling of my heart, And lives in our al-ley. There's ne'er a la - dy
day — that comes be - twixt The Sat - ur-day and Mon-day. Oh then I'm dressed all
her — I'd rather be — A slave and row a gal-ley. But when my seven long

in the land Is half so sweet as Sal-ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
in my best To walk a-broad with Sal-ly; She is the dar - ling of my heart, And
years are out, Oh then I'll mar - ry Sal-ly; And then how hap - 'ily we'll live — But

Verses 1 and 2

Last verse

lives in our al-ley.
lives in our al-ley.
not in our al-ley.

SCOTS WHA HAE

Fiercely.

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

PIANO.

Scots wha hae wi' Wal-lace bled, Scots wham Bruce hath 'af-ten led,
 By op-pres-sion's trai-tor knave? Wha wad fill a cow-ard's grave?
 your sons in ser-vile chains,

Wel-come to your go-ry bed, Or to Vic-to-rie!
 Wha sae base as be a slave? Let him turn an' flee!
 We will drain our dear-est veins, But they shall be free!

Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front o' bat-tle lour,
 Wha for Scot-land's king an' law, Free-dom's sword will strong-ly draw,
 Lay the proud us-ur-pers low! Ty-rants fall in eve-ry foe!

See ap-proach proud Ed-ward's power, Chains and sla-ve-rie.
 Free-man stand, or free-man fa', Let him fol-low me!
 Lib-er-ty's in eve-ry blow! Let us do or dee!

THE SHAN VAN VOCHT

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With gusto *f*

VOICE

Oh,— Bon - ey's on the sea,— Says the
 Oh,— Bon - ey's on the shore,— Says the
 Oh,— Bon - ey's on dry land,— Says the

PIANO *f*

Shan van vocht, Oh,— Bon - ey's on the sea,— Says the Shan van vocht. Oh,—
 Shan van vocht, Oh,— Bon - ey's on the shore,— Says the Shan van vocht. Oh,—
 Shan van vocht, Oh,— Bon - ey's on dry land,— Says the Shan van vocht. Oh,—

Bon-ey's on the sea,— He'll be here the first o' May, And the O - rangewill de - cay,— Says the
 Bon-ey's on the shore, Don't you hear his can - non roar, We'll be O - range - men no more,— Says the
 Bon-ey's on dry land,— He's a sword in ev - 'ry hand, He's a loy - al Rib - bon man,— Says the

Shan van vocht, And the O - range will de - cay,— Says the Shan van vocht.
 Shan van vocht, We'll be O - range - men no more,— Says the Shan van vocht.
 Shan van vocht, He's a loy - al Rib - bon man,— Says the Shan van vocht.

SHENANDOAH

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Very smoothly and with feeling.

VOICE

PIANO

mf

p

Oh,

SOLO

CHORUS

Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you,
 Shen - an - doah, I love your daugh - ter.
 Shen - an - doah, I took a no - tion.
 Shen - an - doah, I'm bound to leave you.

A - way you roll - ing

p

cresc.

SOLO

CHORUS

Oh, Shen - an - doah, I long to hear you,
 Oh, Shen - an - doah, I love your daugh - ter.
 To sail a - cross the storm - y o - cean.
 Oh, Shen - an - doah, I'll not de - ceive you.

A - way I'm bound to

dim.

p

cresc.

§

Verses 2 3 & 4

D.S.

Last time

go 'Cross the wide Mis - sour - i.

2 Oh,
 3 Oh,
 4 Oh,

-sour - i.

mp

p

SHULE AGRA

AP. GRAVES

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Very expressively

VOICE

SOLO

His hair was black, his
sold my rock, I
dye my petticoat, I'll

PIANO

p

eye was blue, His arm was stout, his word was true. I wish in my heart I was with you. Go—
sold my reel, When my flax was spun, I sold my wheel, To buy my love a sword of steel. Go—
dye it red, And round the world I'll beg my bread, Till I find my love, a - live or dead Go—

CHORUS

thee— thu Ma - vour - neen slaun.
thee— thu Ma - vour - neen slaun. Shule, Shule, shule a - gra! On - ly death can
thee— thu Ma - vour - neen slaun.

mf

ease my woe, Since the lad of my heart from me did go, Go thee thu Ma -

1 & 2 - vour-neen slaun! Last time - vour-neen slaun!

2 I
3 I'll

p *rall.* *pp*

★ Farewell, my darling
† Come, come, my love

Fine

SIR EGLAMORE

161

Arr. KATHEEN MARKWELL

Quick and with humour

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO *mf*

Sir Eg - la - more, that
There starts a huge drag - on
This drag - on had a
The drag - on laid him

CHORUS

SOLO *mf*

val - iant knight,
out of his den,
plaguey hard hide,
down and roared,

Fa, la, lan-ky down dil-ly,

(He took up his sword and he went for to fight,
Which had killed I know not how man-y men,
Which could the strong - est steel a - bide;
The knight was sor - ry for his sword;)

CHORUS

SOLO *mf*

Fa, la, lan-ky down dil-ly,

(And as he rode o'er hill and dale, All arm - ed with a
But when he see Sir Eg - la - more, If you'd but heard how that
But as the drag - on yawning did fall, He thrust his sword down
The sword it was a right good blade, As ev - er Turk or

CHORUS

coat of mail, —
drag-on did roar, —
hilt and all. —
Span - iard made. —

Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lan-ky down dil-ly. —

5

SOLO When all was done to the ale-house he went,
CHORUS Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
SOLO And presently his tuppence was spent,
CHORUS Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
SOLO He was so hot with fighting the dragon,
And nought could quench his thirst but a flagon.
CHORUS Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

6

SOLO Well now let us pray for the King and the Queen,
CHORUS Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
SOLO And eke in London that may be seen,
CHORUS Fa, la, lanky down dilly,
SOLO As many knights and as many more,
And all as good as Sir Eglamore:
CHORUS Fa, la, la, la, Fa la lanky down dilly.

SO EARLY IN DE MORNING

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With vigour

PIANO

Piano introduction in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, starting with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and C5. The left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

SOLO

mf

South Car o - lina's a sul - try clime, We used to work in the Sum - mer - time;
 When I was young I used to wait, On mas - sa's tab - le lay de plate;
 Now mas - sa's dead an' gone to rest, Of all the mas - sa's he was best;

Piano accompaniment for the first solo section. The right hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

Mas - sa 'neath de shade would lay, While we poor nig - gers toiled all day.
 Pass de bot - tle when him dry, Brush a - way de blue - tailed fly.
 I nebber see de like since I was born, Miss him now he's dead and gone.

Piano accompaniment for the second solo section. The right hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte).

CHORUS

f

So_ ear - ly in de morn - ing, So_ ear - ly in de morn - ing, So_ ear - ly in de

Piano accompaniment for the chorus. The right hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The piece is marked *f* (forte).

morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

1st and 2nd time

Last time

Piano accompaniment for the final section. The right hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The left hand plays a simple harmonic accompaniment with half notes and quarter notes. The piece is marked *mf* (mezzo-forte) and *f* (forte).

SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

With fervour

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

A— good sword and a
Out spake their cap-tain
"And when we come to

trus - ty hand! A— mer - ry heart and true!
brave and bold, A— mer - ry wight was he;
Lon - don Wall, A— pleas - ant sight to view,

King James's men shall un - der - stand What Cornish lads can do
"If— Lon - don Tow'r were Mi - chael's hold, We'll set Tre - law - ny— free!
Come forth! Come forth, ye cow - ards all, Here's men as good as— you."

And have they fix'd the where and when? And shall Tre - law - ny die? Here's twen - ty thou - sand Cornish men Will
We'll cross the Ta - mar, land to land, The Sev - ern is not stay - With one and all, and hand in hand, And
Tre - law - ny he's in keep and hold, Tre - law - ny he may die;— But here's twen - ty thou - sand Cornish bold Will

CHORUS

know the rea - son why! }
who shall bid us nay? }
know the rea - son why! }

A— good sword and a trus - ty hand! A— mer - ry heart and

true! King James's men shall un - der - stand What Corn - ish men can do.

SONG OF THE VOLGA BOATMEN

The melody to be hummed or vocalised on "oo" or "ah"

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With a slow swing

VOICE

PIANO

ppp

Ah

pp gradually getting louder

p

f

ff

mf getting softer

p

mf getting softer

Piano introduction in B-flat major, 3/4 time. The music features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand, with dynamic markings of *pp* and *ppp*.

* YE WATCHERS AND YE HOLY ONES

A.R.

"LASST UNS ERFREUEN"

In moderate time, dignified

Ye watchers and ye ho-ly ones, Bright Seraphs, Cherubim and Thrones, Raise the glad strain, Al-le-
 O higher than the Cherubim, More glorious than the Seraphim, Lead their prais-es, Al-le-
 Re-spond, ye souls in endless rest, Ye Patriarchs and Prophets blest, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-
 O friends, in gladness let us sing, Su-per-nal anthems echo-ing, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-

-lu-ia! Cry out Do-minions, Princedoms, Pow'rs', Vir-tues, Arch-an-gels, An-gels' choirs,
 -lu-ia! Thou Bear-er of the e-ter-nal Word, Most gracious, mag-ni-fy the Lord,
 -lu-ia! Ye ho-ly Twelve, ye Martyrs strong, All Saints tri-um-phant, raise the song
 -lu-ia! To God the Fa-ther, God the Son, And God the Spi-rit, Three in One,

Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia, Al-le-lu-ia!

SPANISH LADIES

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With spirit

VOICE

SOLO *mf*

FARE - well and a - dieu to you,
We hove our ship to with the
The first land we made was a
The sig - nal was made for the
Then let ev - 'ry man here toss —

PIANO *mf*

fair Span - ish La - dies, Fare - well and a - dieu to you, La - dies of Spain, For we've re - ceived
wind at sou' - west, boys, We hove our ship to for to strike sound - ings
point called the Dod - man, Next Rame Head off Plym - outh, Start, Port - land and clear, She filled the main
Grand Fleet to an - chor, We clewed up our top - sails, stuck out tacks and sheets, We sailed then by
off a full bumper - er, Then let ev - 'ry man here toss off his full bowl, For we will be

or - ders to - sail for old Eng - land, But we hope in a short time to see you a - gain.
top - sail and bore right a - way, boys, And straight up the Chan - nel our course we did steer.
Beach - y, by - Fair - lee and Dungeness, Then bore straight a - way for the South Fore - land light.
stop - pers, we brailed in our spank - er, And an - chored a - head of the no - blest of fleets.
jol - ly and drown mel - an - cho - ly, With a health to each jov - ial and true - heart - ed soul.

CHORUS

We'll rant and well roar all o'er the wild o - cean, We'll rant and we'll roar all o'er the wild seas, Un -

- til we strike sound - ings in the Channel of old Eng - land, From U - shant to Scil - ly is thir - ty - five leagues.

ff

STORMALONG

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS
SOLO

Slowly and with great longing

VOICE

0

PIANO

mp with weight

CHORUS

poor old Storm - y's dead and gone
 Storm - y's dead, I saw him die
 dug his grave with a sil - ver spade
 lowered him down with a gold - en chain
 now we'll sing his fun - er - al song

To me way storm - a -

SOLO

- long

O poor old Storm - y's dead and gone
 Old Storm - y's dead, I saw him die
 We dug his grave with a sil - ver spade
 We lowered him down with a gold - en chain
 And now we'll sing his fun - er - al song

CHORUS

All except last chorus

Last time

Aye aye aye Mis - ter Storm - a - long

2. Old
 3. We
 4. We
 5. And

Storm - a - long

STRAWBERRY FAIR

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Gaily rhythmical

PIANO

mf SOLO

As I was going to Straw-ber-y Fair,
 "Kind sir, pray pick of my basket" she said
 Your cher-ries soon will be wasted a-way,
 I want to purchase a gener-ous heart,
 The price I of-fer my sweet maid,

CHORUS

Sing-ing, sing-ing,

SOLO

I met a maid-en tak-ing her ware,
 My cher-ries ripe, or my ro-ses red,
 But-ter cups and Dais-ies, Your ro-ses with-er and never stay,
 A tongue that is neither nim-ble nor tart,
 A ring of gold on your fin-ger dis-played,

CHORUS

Fol-de-dee!

SOLO

Her
 My
 'Tis
 An
 So

eyes were blue and gold-en her hair, As she went on to Straw-ber-y Fair.
 strawberries sweet I can of them spare, As I go on to Straw-ber-y Fair.
 not to seek such per-ish-ing ware, That I am tramp-ing to Straw-ber-y Fair.
 hon-est mind but such tri-fles are rare, I doubt if they're found at Straw-ber-y Fair.
 come, make ov-er to me your ware, In church to-day at Straw-ber-y Fair.

CHORUS (should be repeated)

Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-rid-dle-li-do, Ri-fol, Ri-fol, Tol-de-rid-dle-dee.

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Slowly, but with elation

PIANO

mf Melody well marked

The piano introduction is in 2/4 time, featuring a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf* and 'Melody well marked'.

CHORUS

mp

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, - Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

The piano accompaniment for the first chorus is in 2/4 time, with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mp*.

Swing low, sweet char - i - ot, - Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

The piano accompaniment for the second chorus is in 2/4 time, with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mp*.

FINE

FINE

SOLO

mf
I look'd o - ver Jor - dan, and what did I see, - Com-ing for to car-ry me home! A
If you get there be - fore I do, - Com-ing for to car-ry me home! Tell

The piano accompaniment for the solo section is in 2/4 time, with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf*.

band of an - gels com-ing af - ter me - Com-ing for to car-ry me home.
all my friends lse a - com - ing too - Com-ing for to car-ry me home.

The piano accompaniment for the final section is in 2/4 time, with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The melody is marked *mf*.

THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

VOICE *Noisily* *f*

There is a tav-ern in the
He left me for a dam-sel
Oh! dig my grave both wide and

PIANO *f*

town, in the town, And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down, And
dark, dam-sel dark, Each Fri - day night they used to spark, used to spark, And
deep, wide and deep, Put tomb - stones at my head and feet, head and feet, And

drinks his wine 'mid laugh-ter free And nev - er, nev-er, thinks of me.
now my love, once true to me, Takes that dark damsel on his knee.
on my breast carve a tur - tle dove, To sig - ni - fy I died of love.

Fare thee well, for I must leave thee, Do not let the part-ing grieve thee, And re -

mem-ber that the best of friends must part, must part, A - dieu, kind friends, a-dieu, a -

-dieu, a-dieu, a - dieu, I can no long-er stay with you, stay with you, I'll

hang my harp on a weeping wil-low tree, And may the world go well with thee.

rall. *a tempo*

rall. *a tempo*

THERE WAS A MAID WENT TO THE MILL

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

VOICE *Cheerfully* *mf* SOLO

There was a maid and she
The mil - er kissed her, a -
He danced and sang while the

PIANO *f* *mf*

CHORUS *f* *mf* SOLO

went to the mill, } Sing trol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lol - ly, lo, The
way she went, } mill went clack, } Oh, ho, ho, Oh, ho, ho, Oh, ho, ho, { did she so?
mill went clack, } The He

f *mf*

ten. CHORUS *f*

mill turned round, but the maid stood still, } Oh, ho, ho, Oh, ho, ho, Oh, ho, ho, { did she so?
maid was pleased, and the mil-ler con - tent, } was he so?
cheered his heart with a cup of old sack, } did he so?

ten. *f*

THE TAILOR AND THE MOUSE

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Whimsically

PIANO

The piano introduction is in G major, 2/4 time, marked 'Whimsically'. It consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

mf SOLO *f* CHORUS *mf* SOLO

There was a tail - or had a mouse, They
 The tail - or thought the mouse was ill; He
 The tail - or thought his mouse would die; He
 The pie was cut, the mouse ran out, The
 The tail - or found his mouse was dead, So he

Hi diddle un - kum fee - dle.

mf *f* *mf*

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line features a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand, with various dynamic markings like *mf* and *f*.

CHORUS

lived to - geth - er in one house,
 gave him part of a blue pill,
 baked him in an ap - ple pie.
 tail - or fol - lowed him all a - bout,
 caught an - oth - er in his stead.

Hi did - dle un - kum fee - dle.

The piano accompaniment continues with a similar melodic and harmonic structure, supporting the vocal line with chords and single notes.

Hi did - dle un - kum ta - rum tan - tum Through the town of Ram - say,

The piano accompaniment continues, providing a steady harmonic foundation for the vocal melody.

Hi did - dle un - kum ov - er the lea, Hi diddle un - kum fee - dle. fee - dle.

all except last Chorus *last time*

The piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord and a repeat sign, indicating the end of the song.

THE THREE CROWS

Boisterously

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

PIANO

Piano introduction in 4/4 time, marked *ff*. The melody is in the right hand, featuring eighth and quarter notes with accents. The left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes.

SOLO *mf* There were three crows sat on a tree,
Said one old crow un-to his mate,
There lies a horse on yon-der plain,
The meat we'll eat be-fore it's stale,

CHORUS *f* O Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar.

SOLO *mf* There Said There The

Piano accompaniment for the first vocal section. It includes a piano introduction (*p*) and a chorus (*f*) with triplets. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and sustained notes.

CHORUS *f* were three crows sat on a tree,
one old crow un-to his mate,
lies a horse on yon-der plain,
meat we'll eat be-fore it's stale,

SOLO *mf* There were three crows sat on a tree, And
Said one old crow un-to his mate, "What
There lies a horse on yon-der plain, Who's
The meat we'll eat be-fore it's stale, Till

Piano accompaniment for the second vocal section. It includes a chorus (*f*) and a solo (*mf*) with triplets. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and sustained notes.

CHORUS *ff* they were black as black could be.
shall we do for our grub to ate?"
by some cru-el butch-er slain.
naught re-mains but bones and tail.

And they all flapped their wings and cried, CAW, CAW, CAW

Piano accompaniment for the third vocal section. It includes a chorus (*ff*) and a solo (*ff*) with triplets. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and sustained notes.

Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar, And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil-ly Ma-gee Ma-gar. —

ff *ff*

Piano accompaniment for the final vocal section. It includes a chorus (*ff*) and a solo (*ff*) with triplets. The piano part features arpeggiated chords and sustained notes.

THREE FISHERS

CHARLES KINGSLEY

(JOHN HULLAH)

Rather slow, with feeling

VOICE

PIANO

p

p

SOLO

Three
Three
Three

fish - ers went sail - ing out in - to the west, Out in - to the west as the sun went down; Each
wives — sat up in the light - house tow'r, And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down; They
cor - ses lay out on the shin - ing sands, In the morn - ing gleam as the tide went down; And

thought on the wo - man who lov'd him the best, And the chil - dren stood watch - ing them out of the town; For
look'd at the squall, And they look'd at the show'r, And the night - wrack came roll - ing up ragged and brown! For
wo - men are weep - ing and wring - ing their hands, For those who will nev - er come back to the town; For

CHORUS

colla voce

a tempo

men must work, and wo - men must weep, And there's lit - tle to earn, and ma - ny to keep, Tho' the
men must work, and wo - men must weep, Though storms — be sudden and wa - ters deep, And the
men must work, and wo - men must weep, And the soon - er it's ov - er the soon - er to sleep, And good -

har - bour bar be moan - - - ing.
har - bour bar be moan - - - ing.
-bye to the bar and its moan - - - ing.

1 & 2 3

colla voce

THE THREE RAVENS

175

Gently moving - with much expression

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

PIANO

p

SOLO *mp*

There were three ra - vens sat on a tree,
 Down in yon - der green — field
 His hawksthey fly so ea - ger - ly,
 She lift - ed up his wound - ed head,
 She bur - ried him be - fore the prime,

CHORUS

Down a down, hey down, hey down, They
 There And She was

p

CHORUS

were as black as black might be,
 lies a knight slain, under his shield
 is no fowl dare him comenigh, } With a down.
 kissed his wounds that were so red,
 dead her - self ere even-song time,

SOLO

The one of them said
 His hounds they lie down
 She got him up up -
 God send ev - 'ry

CHORUS

to his mate, "Where shall we our break - fast take?"
 at his feet, So well they do their mas - ter keep,
 fal - low doe, As great with - young as she might go,
 - on her back And car - ried him to earth - en lake,
 gen - tle - man Such hawks, such hounds, and such le - man.

CHORUS

With a down, der - ry, der - ry,

all except last verse *last time*

derry down, down.

molto rall. *Fine*

TOM'S GONE TO HILO

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

VOICE *Quietly and smoothly* *mp* SOLO

PIANO *pp* *p*

Tom - my's

CHORUS *mf*

gone, and I'll go too,
gone, what shall I do,
fought at Tra - fal - gar,
Vic - tory led the way,
gone for ev - er - more,

A - way down

SOLO

Hi - lo

Oh Tom - my's gone, and I'll go too,
Oh Tom - my's gone, what shall I do,
Oh Tom - my's fought at Tra - fal - gar,
The brave old Vic - tory led the way,
Oh Tom - my's gone for ev - er - more,

CHORUS *mp*

Tom's gone to Hi - lo.

All except last Chorus SOLO Last time

2 Tom - my's
3 Tom - my
4 The old
5 Tom - my's

Hi - lo.

TURN YE TO ME

JOHN WILSON

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

♩ With a rocking rythm

PIANO

The piano introduction is in 6/8 time, marked *p* (piano). It features a rocking rhythm with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

The stars are shin - ing cheer-i-ly, cheer-i-ly, Ho - ro, Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me, The
The waves are danc - ing mer - ri-ly, mer - ri-ly, Ho - ro, Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me, The

The piano accompaniment for the first vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked *p* (piano). It features a rocking rhythm with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

sea-mew is moan - ing drear-i-ly, drear-i-ly, Ho - ro, Mhai-ridhu, Turn ye to me.
sea-birds are wail - ing wear-i-ly, wear-i-ly, Ho - ro, Mhai-ridhu, Turn ye to me.

The piano accompaniment for the second vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked *p* (piano). It features a rocking rhythm with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Cold is the storm-wind that ruf-fles his breast, But warm are the down-y plumes lin-ing his nest,
Hushed be thy moan-ing, lone bird of the sea, Thy home on the rock is a shel-ter to thee; Thy

The piano accompaniment for the third vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). It features a rocking rhythm with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes.

Cold blows the storm there, soft falls the snow there, Ho - ro, Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.
home is the an-gry wave, mine but the lone-ly grave, Ho - ro, Mhairi dhu, Turn ye to me.

The piano accompaniment for the fourth vocal line is in 6/8 time, marked *mp* (mezzo-piano). It features a rocking rhythm with a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody in the treble staff consists of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with eighth notes. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

TWANKYDILLO

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOBS

With good rhythm *f* SOLO

VOICE

Here's health to the jol - ly black - smith, the
 If a gen - tle - man calls his
 Here's a health to King Char - lie and

PIANO

best of all fel - lows, Who works at his an - vil while the boy blows the bel - lows; Which
 horse for to shoe, He makes no de - ni - al of one pot or two, For it
 al - so his queen, And to all the royal lit - tle ones where - e'er they are seen, Which

makes my bright ham - mer to rise and to fall, Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to

rall. *ff* CHORUS *a tempo*

old Cole of all. Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo,
 Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo,
 Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, Twan - ky - dil - lo, dil - lo, dil - lo,

rall. *ff* *a tempo*

dil - lo, A roar - ing pair of bag - pipes made of the green wil - low.
 dil - lo, And he that loves strong beer is a heart - y good fel - low.
 dil - lo, A roar - ing pair of bag - pipes made of the green wil - low.

UPIDEE

179

From LONGFELLOW

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Fast, and with much noise

VOICE

SOLO

CHORUS

The shades of night were fall-ing fast,
His brow was sad, his eye be-neath,
"O stay," the maid-en said, "and rest"

U - pi - dee,

PIANO

f

mf

SOLO CHORUS SOLO

U - pi - da, When through an Alp - ine vil - lage passed,
Flashed like a fal - chion from its sheath,
"Thy wea - ry head up - on this breast?" U - pi - dee - i - da,
A youth who bore 'mid
And like a sil - ver
A tear stood in his

The image shows a page from a musical score for the hymn "The Banner of the Cross." It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps) and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes lyrics and musical markings such as "rit." (ritardando) and "f a tempo" (forte at tempo).

Vocal Part:

snow and ice A ban-ner with this strange de-vice:
 clar-ion rung, The ac-cent of that un-known tongue: } U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da,
 bright blue eye, But still he an-swered with a sigh: }

Piano Part:

The piano accompaniment consists of two staves. The right hand plays chords and single notes, while the left hand plays a steady bass line. The score includes markings for "rit." and "f a tempo".

U - pi - dee, U - pi - da, U - pi - dee - i - dee - i - da, U - pi - dee - i - da. *Fine*

Musical score for "The Merry Widow" (Act II), featuring a vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The score is in 3/4 time and consists of 16 measures. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked "Allegretto". The score includes dynamic markings such as *f* (forte), *ff* (fortissimo), and *ff* (fortissimo). The vocal line is marked with accents and slurs. The piano accompaniment includes a bass line with a prominent eighth-note pattern. The score concludes with a double bar line and the instruction "D. al Fine".

VESPER HYMN

MOORF

With elation

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

PIANO

mf

SOLO

mf

Hark! the ves - per hymn is steal - ing O'er the wa - ters soft and clear;
 Now like moon - light waves re - treat - ing, To the shore it dies a - long;
 Once a - gain sweet voic - es ring - ing, Loud - er still the mu - sic swells;

Near - er yet and near - er peal - ing, Soft it breaks up - on the ear.
 Now like an - gry surg - es meet - ing, Breaks the ming - led tide of song.
 While on sum - mer breez - es wing - ing, Comes the chime of ves - per bells.

CHORUS

Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! A - men.

Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! Ju - bi - la - te! A - men.

VIVE L'AMOUR

With spirit

Arr. ERIC MAREO

PIANO

Piano introduction in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. The melody is in the right hand, and the accompaniment is in the left hand. The piece starts with a forte (f) dynamic and features a series of eighth and sixteenth notes.

SOLO

CHORUS

Vocal solo and chorus. The solo part is marked *mf* and the chorus is marked *f*. The lyrics are:

1 { Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, }

And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, }

2 { Let ev - er - y mar - ried man drink to his wife, }

The joy of his bos - om and plague of his life, }

Vi - ve la com - pagn -

CHORUS

Vocal chorus. The lyrics are:

- iel Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour!

Vocal chorus. The lyrics are:

Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve l'a - mour!

Vocal chorus. The lyrics are:

vi - ve l'a - mour! vi - ve la com - pagn - iel!

SOLO Come, fill up your glasses: I'll give you a toast,
 CHORUS Vive la compagnie!
 SOLO Here's a health to our friend, our kind worthy host,
 CHORUS Vive la compagnie!
 CHORUS Vive la, etc.

SOLO Since all with good humour you've toasted with me,
 CHORUS Vive la compagnie!
 SOLO I hope it will please you to drink now with me,
 CHORUS Vive la compagnie!
 CHORUS Vive la, etc.

THE VICAR OF BRAY

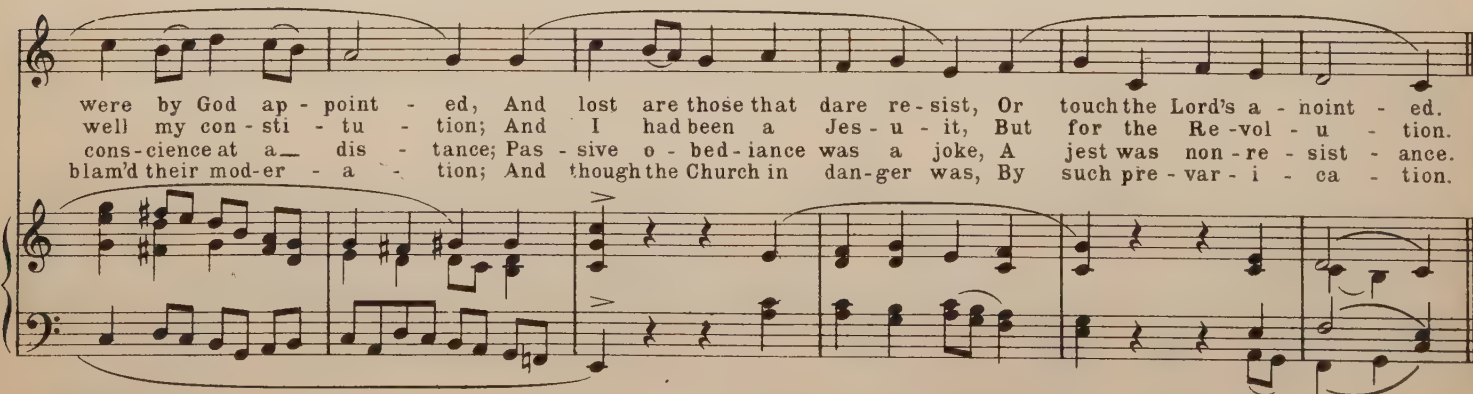
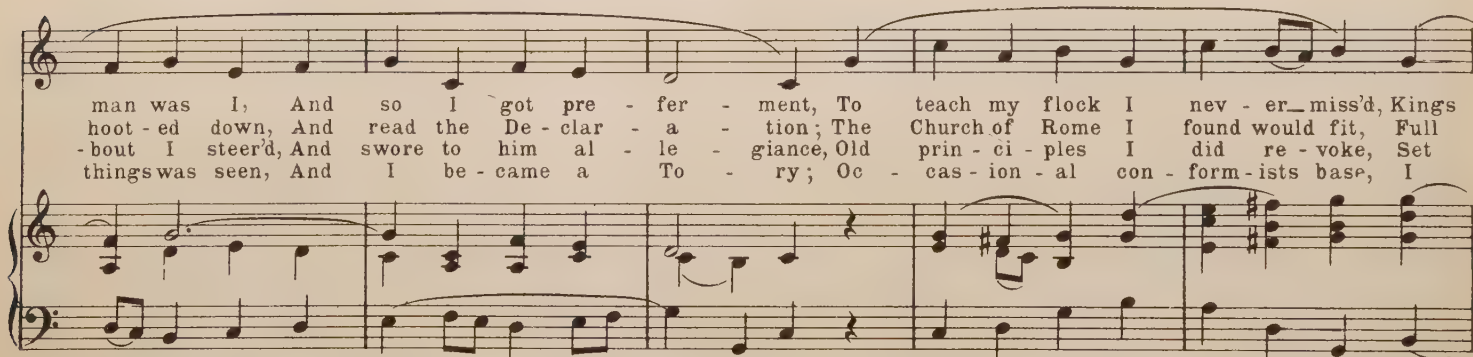
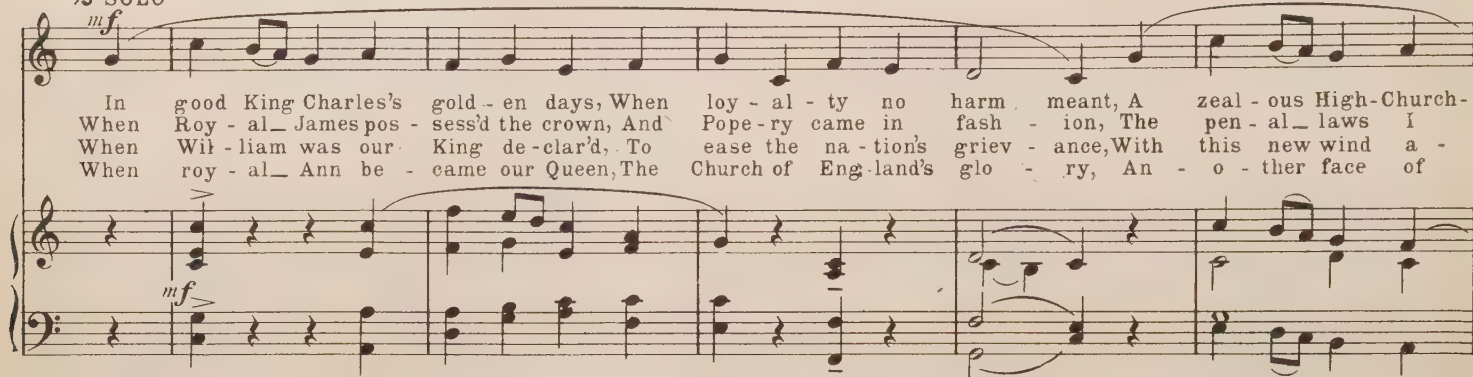
In march time, with humour

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

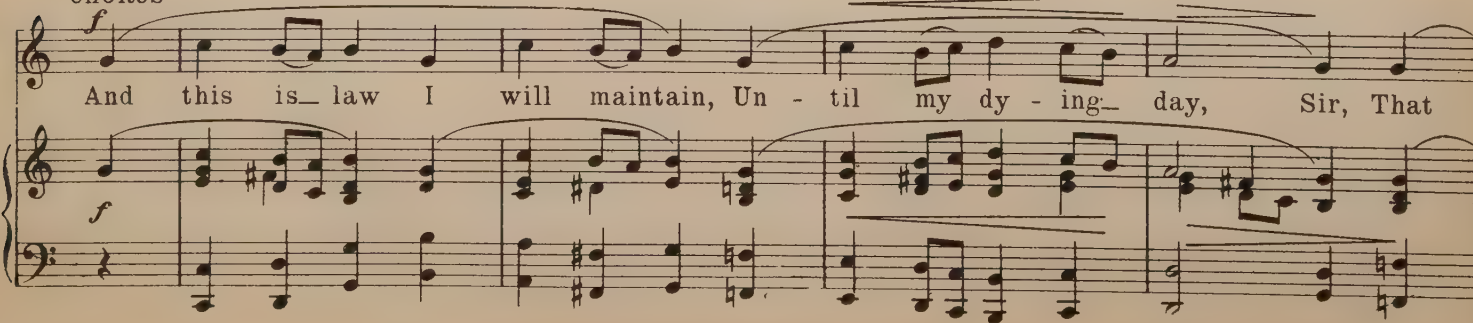
PIANO



SOLO



CHORUS



what - so - ev - er King shall reign, I'll still be the vic-ar of Bray, Sir.

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I changed once more.
And so became a Whig, Sir,
And thus preferment I procured
From our new faith's-defender;
And almost every day abjured
The Pope and the Pretender.

CHORUS And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear—
While they can hold possession
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be—
Until the times do alter.

CHORUS And this is law, &c.

★ HE WHO WOULD VALIANT BE

J. BUNYAN, and others

"MONKS GATE"

TRADITIONAL MELODY

Brightly

He who would valiant be 'Gainst all di - sas-ter, ——— Let him in con - stan-
Who so be - set him round With dismal sto - ries, ——— Do but them-selves con-
Since, Lord, thou dost de - fend Us with thy spi - rit, ——— We know we at the

- cy Fol - low the Mas - ter. ——— There's no dis - cou - rage - ment Shall
- found - His strength the more is. ——— No foes shall stay his might, Though
end Shall life in - her - it. ——— Then fan - cies flee a - way! I'll

make him once re - lent His first a - vowed in - tent To be a pil - grim.
he with gi - ants fight: He will make good his right To be a pil - grim.
fear not what men say, I'll la - bour night and day To be a pil - grim.

WE BE THREE POOR MARINERS

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

With strength

PIANO

f pesante

SOLO

We be three poor ma - ri - ners New - ly - come from the seas, We spend our lives in
We care not for those mar - tial men That do - our states dis - dain, But we care for the

CHORUS

f

jeo - par - dy - While oth - ers live at ease. Come let us dance the
mer - chant - men - Who do our states main - tain. To them we dance this

round a-round a-round, Come let us dance the
round a-round a-round, To them we dance this round a-round a-round, And

he that is a bul - ly boy, - Come pledge me on the ground a-ground a-ground.

WE'RE ALL BOUND TO GO

Arr. S. TAYLOR HARRIS

Fairly fast

VOICE

PIANO

SOLO

O, as

CHORUS

I was strol - ling out one day, Down by the Al - bert Dock, Heave a -
 - morn - ing Mis - ter Taps - cott, sir" "Good morn - ing me gal" says he, he,
 he "My dear, now have no fear But come - a - long with me, me,

SOLO

- way — my John - ny, Heave a - way — a - way —

I
"O For

CHORUS

saw a charm - ing I - rish gal, A talk - ing to — Taps - cott, Heave a -
 have you got a pack - et ship, A - bound for A - mer - i - kee,"
 I have got a pack - et ship, To car - ry you o - ver the sea"

- way — my John - ny boys, We're all bound to go. —

2 "Good
3 Said

THE WEST'S AWAKE

Arr. GERRARD WILLIAMS

Fairly slow and with strength.

VOICE

PIANO

mf

When
That

all be-side a vig-il keep, The West's a-sleep, the West's a-sleep. A -
chain-less wave and love-ly land Freedom and Na - tion - hood de-mand. Be

las, and well may E - rin weep That Con-nacht lies in a slum-ber deep. There
sure the great God nev - er planned For slum-bring slaves a home so grand. And

lake and plain smile fair and free, Mid rocks their guardian chiv - al - ry, Sing
long a proud and haugh-ty race Honoured and sen - ti - nelled the place. Sing

oh! let man learn lib - er - ty From crash-ing wind and lash - ing sea!
oh! not e'en their sons' dis-grace Can quite des-troy their glo - ry's trace.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE DRUNKEN SAILOR?

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Fairly fast but steady

VOICE

PIANO

VOICE

PIANO

R.H.

L.H.

SOLO

SOLO

What shall we do with the drunk-en sai - lor? What shall we do with the drunk-en sai - lor? What shall we do with the
 Put him in the long-boat till he's so - ber, Put him in the long-boat till he's so - ber, Put him in the long-boat
 Pull out the plug and wethimall ov - er, Pull out the plug and wethimall ov - er, Pull out the plug and
 Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, Put him in the scuppers with a hose-pipe on him, Put him in the scuppers with a
 Heave him by the leg in a run-ning bow-lin', Heave him by the leg in a run-ning bow-lin', Heave him by the leg in a

CHORUS

CHORUS

drunk-en sai - lor? Ear - lie in the morn - ing.
 till he's so - ber, Ear - lie in the morn - ing.
 wethimall ov - er, Ear - lie in the morn - ing.
 hose-pipe on him, Ear - lie in the morn - ing.
 run-ning bow-lin', Ear - lie in the morn - ing.

Hoo - ray and up she ris - ses,

D S

Hoo - ray and up she ris - ses, Hoo - ray and up she ris - ses, Ear - lie in the morn - ing.

WHISKY JOHNNY

Arr. RALPH GREAVES

Well marked

VOICE

SOLO $\frac{8}{8}$

Oh whis-ky is the
whis-ky makes me
whis-ky killed my
whis-ky up and

PIANO

ff *dim.* *p*

CHORUS

SOLO

life of man.
pawn my clothes.
poor old dad.
whis-ky down.

Whis-ky, John-ny.

Oh whis-ky is the
And whis-ky gave me
And whis-ky druv' my
And whis-ky all a

f *p*

CHORUS

Verses 1 to 5 SOLO *D.S.* Last time

life of man.
this red nose.
mo-ther mad.
-round the town.

Whis-ky for my John-ny.

2 Oh
3 Oh
4 Oh
5 Oh

John-ny.

f *p* *sf*

5.

SOLO Oh whisky here and whisky there.

CHORUS Whisky Johnny.

SOLO It's I'll have whisky everywhere.

CHORUS Whisky for my Johnny.

6.

SOLO Oh whisky is the life of man.

CHORUS Whisky Johnny.

SOLO It's whisky in an old tin can.

CHORUS Whisky for my Johnny.

WHO'S THAT A-CALLING

(J. B. LAWREER)

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

Not too seriously

p SOLO

VOICE

PIANO

The moon is beam-ing o'er the spark-ling rill,
The leaves are rust-ling 'neath the star-lit sky,

CHORUS

SOLO

CHORUS

SOLO

Who's that a - calling?

The flowers are sleeping on the plain and hill,
The stream-let murmurs as it pass-es by,

Who's that calling so sweet? While the

O

CHORUS

SOLO

birds are rest-ing till the gold-en dawn,
is it a message from a-cross the sea } Who's that a - call-ing? 'Twas like the sing-ing of the one now gone,
O is it my darling who now speaks to me. }

CHORUS

Who's that calling so sweet?

Who's that a - calling,

Who's that a - call-ing,

Is it one we long to

greet?—

Who's that a-calling,

Who's that a - calling,

Who's that a-calling so sweet?—

WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A'

LADY NAIRNE

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Keep steady.

VOICE

PIANO

mf

SOLO

Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', A
O wha is fore-most o' a', o' a'? O
The Esk wasswollen sae red, sae deep, But

hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll up and gie'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'.
wha does fol-low the blaw, the blaw? Bonnie Charlie the Prince o'us a' hur-ra! Wi' his hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'.
shouter to shouter the braw lads keep; Two thousand swam o'er to fell English ground, And danc'd themselves dry to the pibroch's sound.

O it's ower the Borders, a - wa', a - wa', It's ower the Borders a - wa', a - wa', It's ower an' a - wa' to
His bon-net and fea-ther he's wav-ing high, His pran-cing steed just seems to fly; The nor' wind sweeps thro' his
Dum-founder'd, the English they saw, they saw, Dum-founder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw, Dum-founder'd they a' ran a -

CHORUS

Car-lisle Ha', Wi' its cas-tles and bas-tions an' a', an' a',
gold-en hair, An' the pi-brochs blaw wi' an un-co'flare. Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', A
-wa', a - wa' From the row of pi-pers an' a', an' a'.

hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a', We'll up and gie'em a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an' a', an' a'.

WIDDICOMBE FAIR

191

Arr. ARCHIBALD JACOB

Dramatically

VOICE

SOLO

PIANO

Tom Pearce, Tom Pearcelend
And when shall I see a -
Then Fri - day came and
So Tom Pearce he got to the

CHORUS

SOLO

me your grey mare,
- gain my grey mare?
Sa - tur - day noon,
top of the hill,

All along, down along, out along lee.

For I want for to go to
By Fri - day soon or
But Tom Pear - ce's old mare hath
And he seed his old mare down a -

Wid - di - combe Fair, With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Sa - tur - day noon, With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
not trot - ted home, With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
mak - ing her will, With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Pe - ter Gur - ney, Pe - ter Da - vy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,

CHORUS

Old Un - cle Tom Cobleigh and all, Old Un - cle Tom Cobleigh and all.

5

SOLO So Tom Pearce's old mare her took sick and died,
CHORUS All along, down along, out along lee.

SOLO And Tom he sat down on a stone and he cried
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,

CHORUS Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all -
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

7

SOLO When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
CHORUS All along, down along, out along lee.

SOLO Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear ghastly white
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,

CHORUS Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all - etc.

6

SOLO But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
CHORUS All along, down along, out along lee.

SOLO Nor, tho' they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,

CHORUS Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all -
Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all.

8

SOLO And all the night long he heard skirling and groans
CHORUS All along, down along, out along lee.

SOLO From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones
With Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,

CHORUS Old Uncle Tom Cobleigh and all - etc.

THE WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GIPSIES, O!

Arr. KATHLEEN MARKWELL

With good rhythm

VOICE

PIANO

ALL TOGETHER

Three gip - sies stood at the
They sang so sweet, they
She pluck - ed off her

Cas - tle gate, They sang so - high, they sang so low, The
sang so shrill, That fast her tears be - gan to flow. And
high - heeled shoes, A - made of Span - ish leath - er, O. She

la - dy sate in her cham-ber late, Her heart it melt - ed a - way as snow.
she laid down her silk - en gown, Her gold - en rings and all her show.
would in the street, with her bare, bare feet; All out in the wind and weath - er O.

4
MENS' VOICES

O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
And go and fetch me my pony, O!
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wrangle-taggle gipsies, O!

5
ALL TOGETHER

O he rode high, and he rode low,
He rode through wood and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O!

6
MENS' VOICES

What makes you leave your house and land?
Your golden treasures for to go?
What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,
To follow the wrangle taggle-gipsies, O!

7
WOMENS' VOICES

What care I for my house and my land?
What care I for my treasure, O?
What care I for my new-wedded lord,
I'm off with the wrangle-taggle gipsies, O!

8
MENS' VOICES

Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wrangle-taggle gipsies, O!

9
WOMENS' VOICES

What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O!
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wrangle-taggle gipsies, O!

COME FOLLOW

1 Come fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low me. 3

2 Whithershall I fol - low, fol-low, fol - low, whither shall I fol - low, fol - low thee? 2

3 To thegreenwood, to thegreenwood, to thegreenwood, greenwood tree. 1

Back to beginning

GO, GO, BANISH

1 Go, go, ban - ish thy sor - row, And 3

2 For - tune may frown on you cold - ly to - day, To - 2

3 Though the dark cloud may hide the blue sky, The 1

think of the pre - sent no more;

- mor - row with bless - ings your lot may run o'er;

sun will be - shin - ing by - and - by.

GO TO JOAN GLOVER

1 Go to Joan Glov - er, and 4

2 tell her I love her, And 3

3 at the mid of the morn 2

4 I will come to her. 1

O MY LOVE

1 O my love! 4

2 Lov'st thou me? Then 3

3 quick-ly come and save him That 2

4 dies for thee. 1

GREAT TOM IS CAST

HENRY LAWES

1 Great Tom is cast, And

2 Christ Church bells ring 1, 2, 3, 4, 5,

3 6, And Tom comes last.

HEY HO, TO THE GREENWOOD

WILLIAM BYRD

Hey, ho to the green-wood now let us go, sing heave and

Hey ho, to the green-wood now let us

Hey Ho, to the

ho, And there shall we find both buck and doe, sing heave

go sing heave and ho And there shall we find both buck

green-wood now let us go, sing heave and ho, And

and ho, The hart and hind and the lit-tle pret - ty roe, sing

and doe, sing heave and ho, The hart and hind and the

there shall we find both buck and doe, sing heave and ho,

heave and ho, Hey ho to the greenwood now

lit-tle pret - ty roe, sing heave and ho, Hey ho

The hart and hind, and the little pret - ty roe, sing heave and ho

LONDON'S BURNING

1 Lon - don's burn - ing, Lon - don's burn - ing, 4

2 Fetch the en - gines, fetch the en - gines, 3

3 Fire! Fire! Fire! Fire! 2

4 Pour on wa - ter, pour on wa - ter. 1

Back to beginning

MY DAME HATH A LAME TAME CRANE

MATTHEW WHITE

1 My dame hath a lame tame crane, 4

2 My dame hath a crane that is lame; 3

3 Good gen - tle Jane, let my dame's lame tame 2

4 crane Feed and come home a - gain! 1

NOW ROBIN LEND TO ME THY BOW

1 Now Ro - bin lend to me thy bow, 4

2 Sweet Ro - bin lend to me thy bow, 3

3 For I must now a hunt - ing with my la - dy goe, 2

4 With my sweet la - - dy goe. 1

SUMER IS ICUMEN IN

Sum - er is i - cu - men in Lhu - de sing cuc - cu

Grow - eth sed, And blow - eth med, And sping - 'th the wd - e nu.

Sing cuc - cu, Aw - e blet - eth af - ter lomb, Lhouth

af - ter cal - ve cu, Bul - luc ster - teth, Buck - e vert - eth,

Mu - rie sing cu - cu, cu - cu, cuc - cu, Wel

sing - es thu cuc - cu. Ne swik thu na - ver nu; *Back to beginning*

These four bars are repeated ad infinitum by two male voices

cuc - cu, cuc - cu, cuc - cu, cuc - cu.

* The 2nd, 3rd and 4th voices enter in turn, when previous part has reached the beginning of the third bar.

THREE BLIND MICE

Three blind mice, Three blind mice, Three blind mice,

See how they run, See how they run, See how they run, — They

all run af - ter the farm - er's wife; Who

cuts off their tails with a carv - ing knife; Did

ev - er you see such a sight in your life, As three blind mice. *To end only*

Back to beginning

* The 2nd and 3rd voices enter when the previous voice has reached this point.

THE WISEMEN

WILLIAM LAWES

1 The Wise - men were but sev'n, _____ Ne'er more shall be for me; _____
The Vir - tues they were sev'n, _____ And three the great - er be; _____

2 The Mu - ses were but nine, _____ The Wor - thies three time three: _____
The Cae - sars they were twelve, _____ And the Fat - al Sis - ters three: _____

3 And three mer-ry boys, and three mer-ry boys, and three mer-ry boys, Are we. _____
And three mer-ry girls, and three mer-ry girls, and three mer-ry girls, Are we. _____

WHITE SAND AND GREY SAND

1 White sand and grey sand, 3

2 Who'll buy my grey sand, 2

3 Who'll buy my white sand. 1

UP AND DOWN

MATTHEW LOCK

1 Up and down this world goes round, 3

2 Down, this world goes. Up and 2

3 down, Up and down this world goes. 1

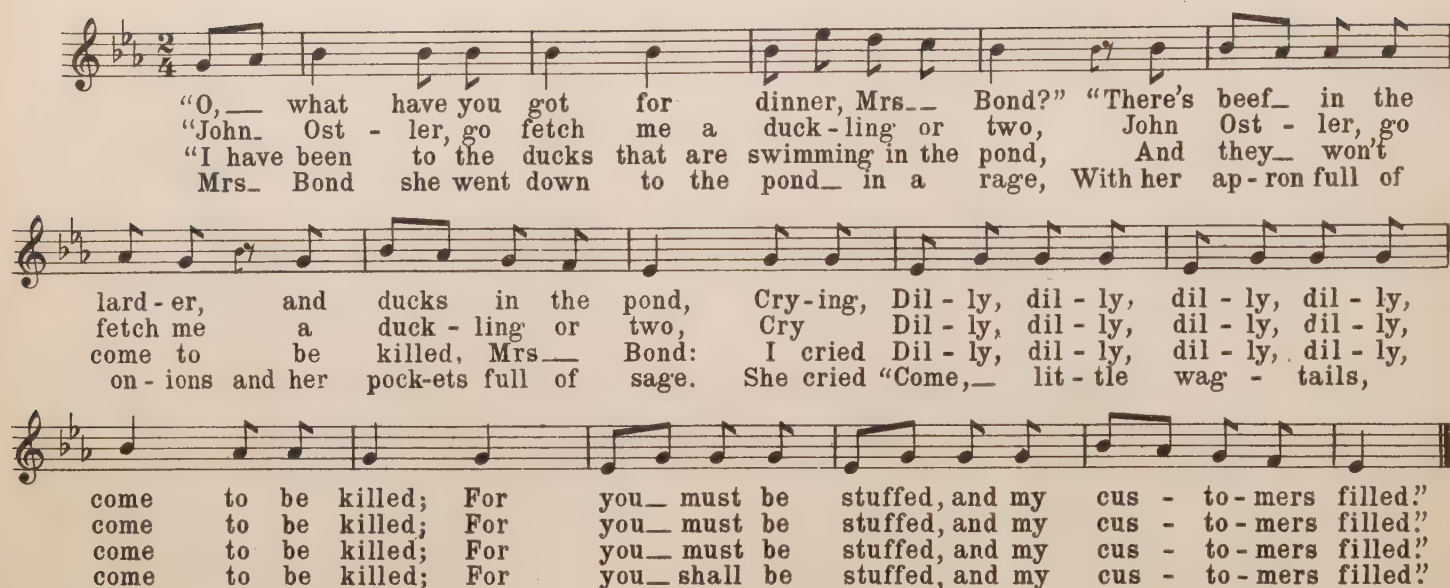
LET'S HAVE A PEAL

Let's have a peal for John Cook's soul; For he was a
ve - ry, ve - ry hon - est man, An hon - est man.

* The 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, 7th, 8th and 9th voices enter when the previous voice has reached this point

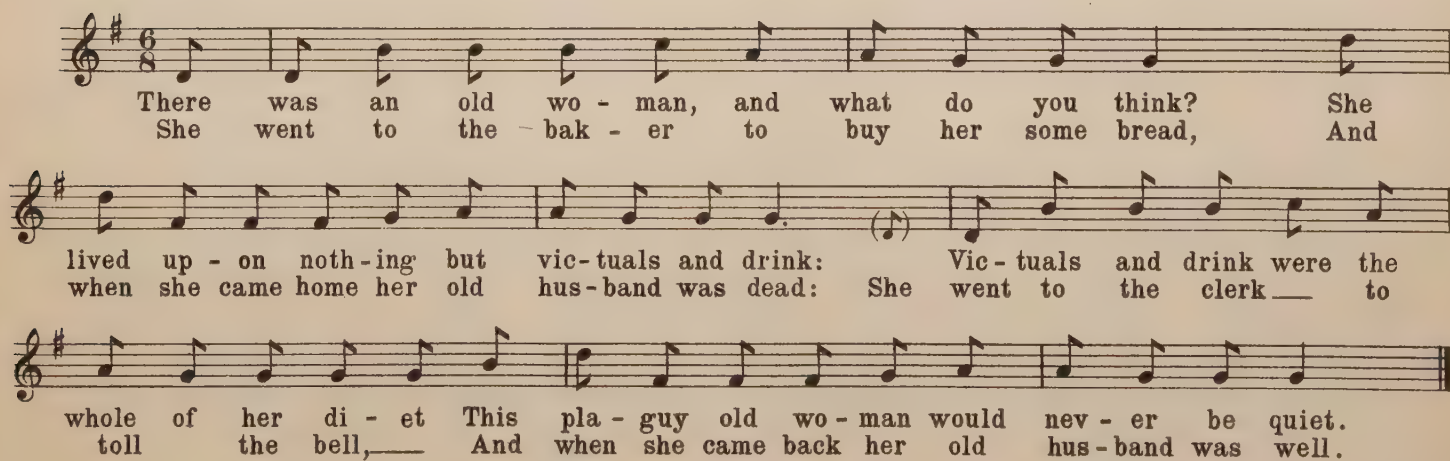
For the Very Young

DILLY DILLY



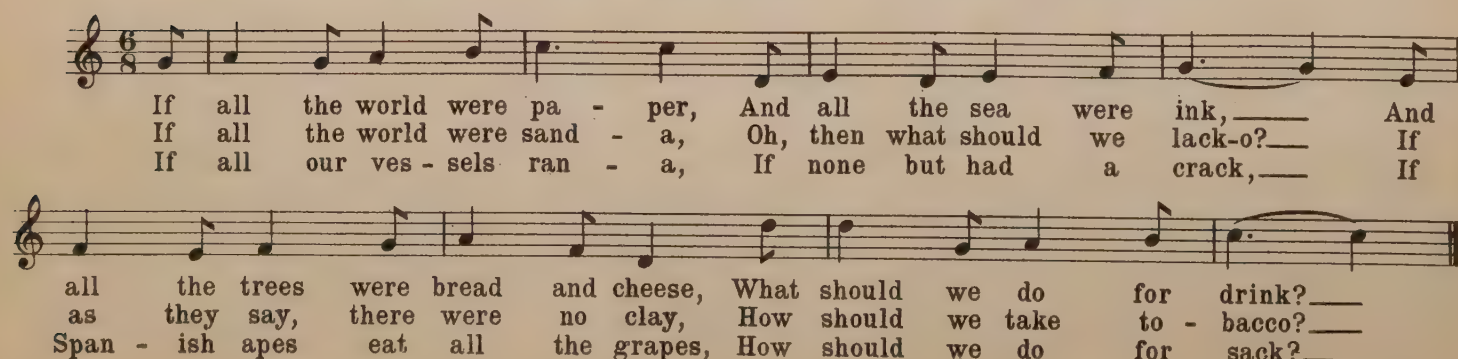
"O, — what have you got for dinner, Mrs. — Bond?" "There's beef_ in the
 "John_ Ost - ler, go fetch me a duck - ling or two, John Ost - ler, go
 "I have been to the ducks that are swimming in the pond, And they_ won't
 Mrs. — Bond she went down to the pond_ in a rage, With her ap - ron full of
 lard - er, and ducks in the pond, Cry - ing, Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly,
 fetch me a duck - ling or two, Cry Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly,
 come to be killed, Mrs — Bond: I cried Dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly, dil - ly,
 on - ions and her pock - ets full of sage. She cried "Come, — lit - tle wag - tails,
 come to be killed; For you_ must be stuffed, and my cus - to - mers filled!"
 come to be killed; For you_ must be stuffed, and my cus - to - mers filled!"
 come to be killed; For you_ must be stuffed, and my cus - to - mers filled!"
 come to be killed; For you_ shall be stuffed, and my cus - to - mers filled!"

THE HUNGRY OLD WOMAN



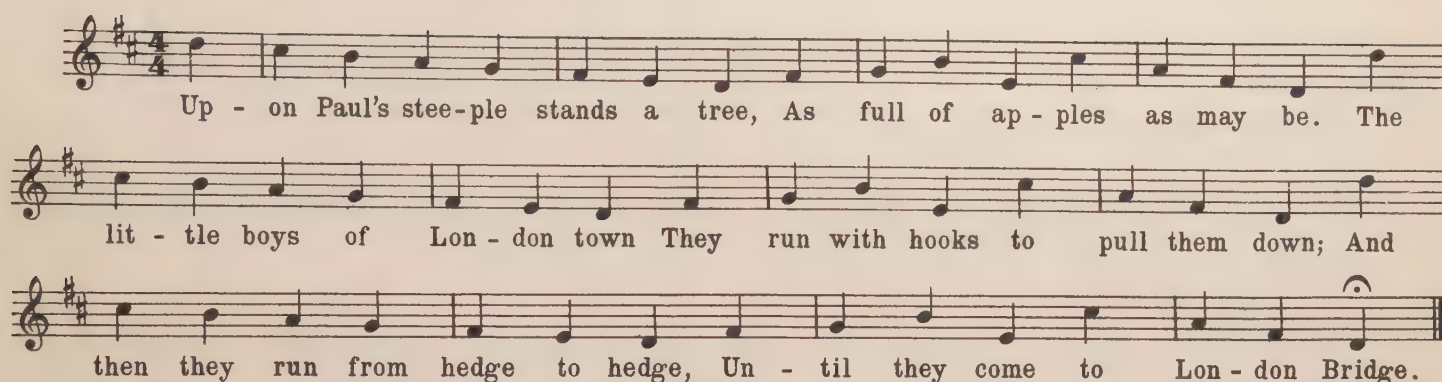
There was an old wo - man, and what do you think? She
 She went to the bak - er to buy her some bread, And
 lived up - on noth - ing but vic - tuals and drink: Vic - tuals and drink were the
 when she came home her old hus - band was dead: She went to the clerk — to
 whole of her di - et This pla - guy old wo - man would nev - er be quiet.
 toll the bell, — And when she came back her old hus - band was well.

IF ALL THE WORLD WERE PAPER



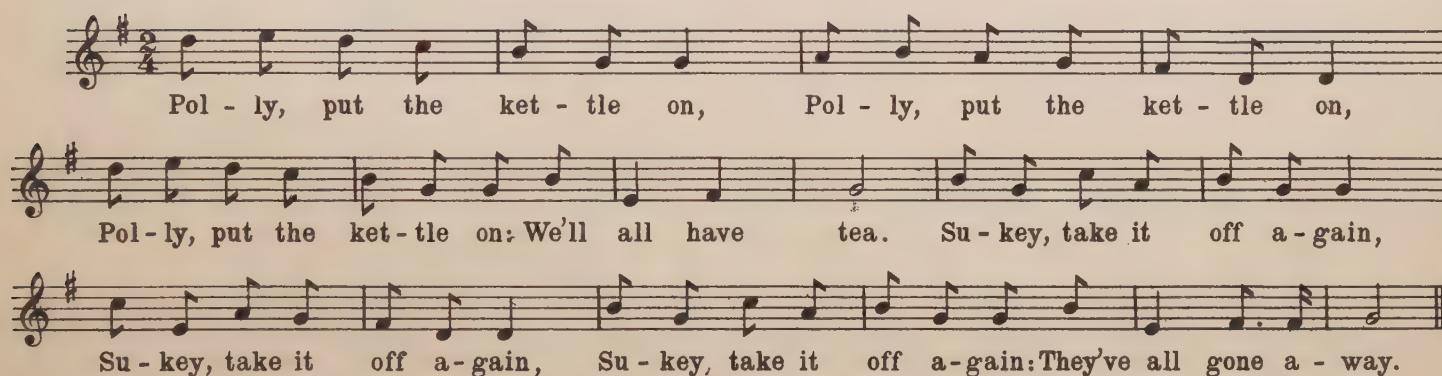
If all the world were pa - per, And all the sea were ink, — And
 If all the world were sand - a, Oh, then what should we lack - o? — If
 If all our ves - sels ran - a, If none but had a crack, — If
 all the trees were bread and cheese, What should we do for drink? —
 as they say, there were no clay, How should we take to - bacco? —
 Span - ish apes eat all the grapes, How should we do for sack? —

PAUL'S STEEPLE



Up - on Paul's stee-ple stands a tree, As full of ap - ples as may be. The
lit - tle boys of Lon - don town They run with hooks to pull them down; And
then they run from hedge to hedge, Un - til they come to Lon - don Bridge.

POLLY, PUT THE KETTLE ON



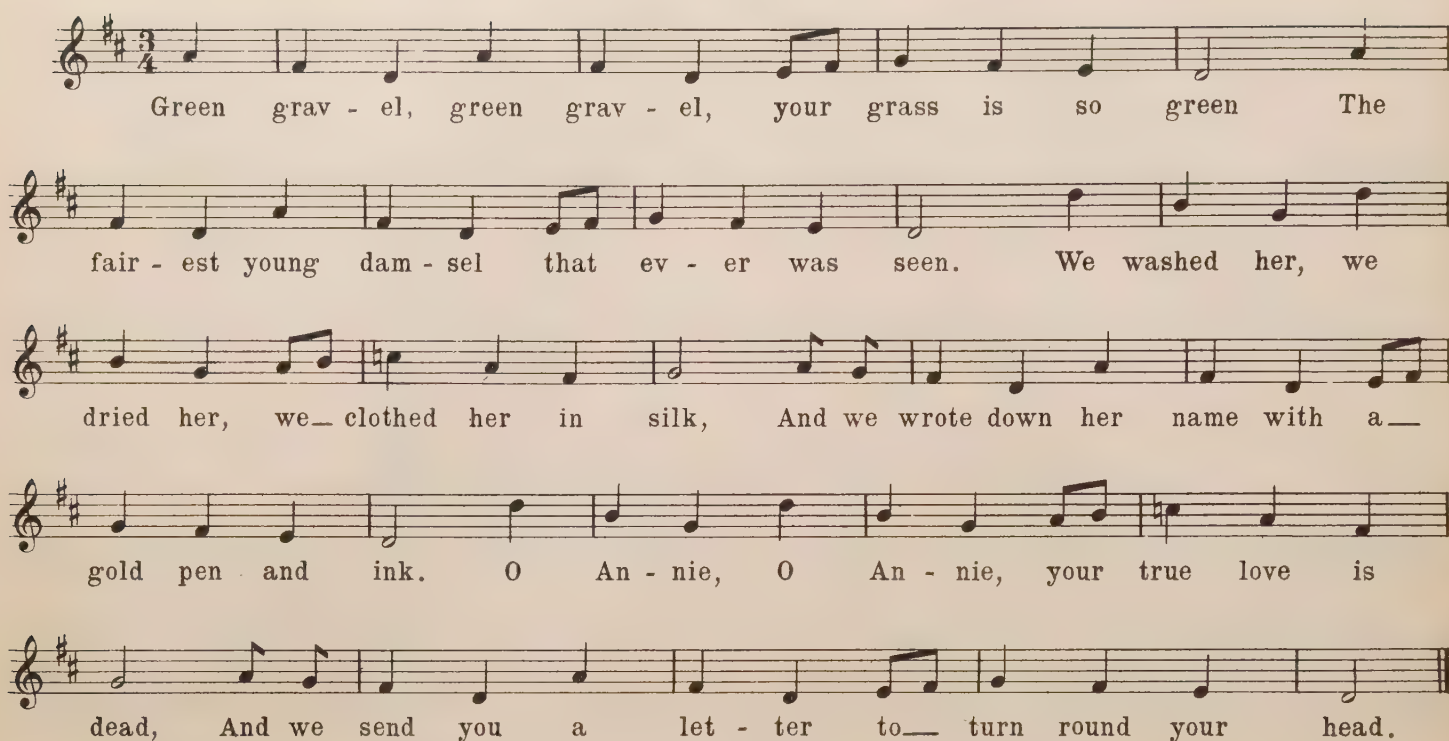
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on, Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on,
Pol - ly, put the ket - tle on: We'll all have tea. Su - key, take it off a - gain,
Su - key, take it off a - gain, Su - key, take it off a - gain: They've all gone a - way.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MY PRETTY MAID?



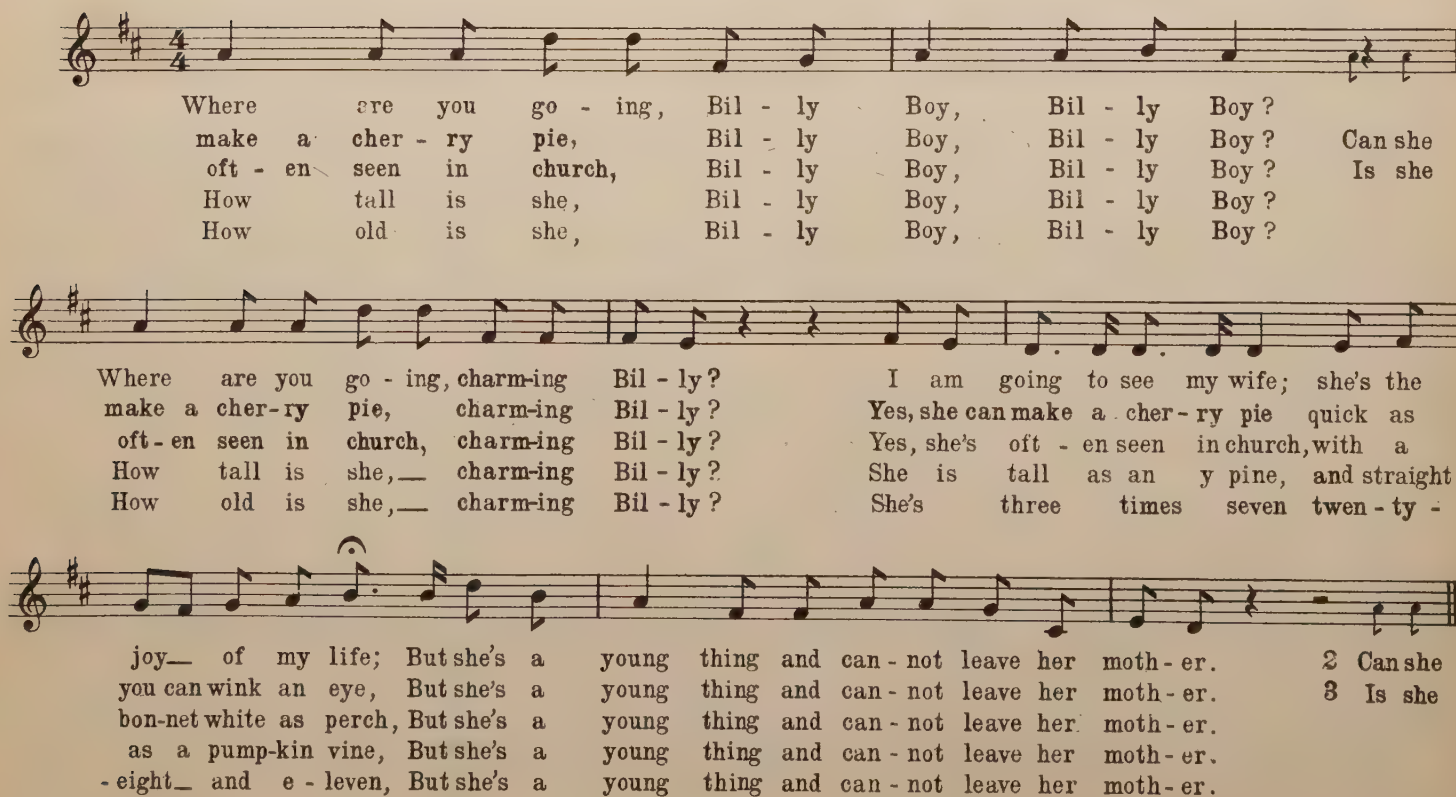
mp
"Where are you go - ing to, my pretty maid? Where are you go - ing to,
"May I go with you, my pretty maid? May I go with you,
"What is your fa - ther, my pretty maid? What is your fa - ther,
"What is your for - tune, my pretty maid? What is your for - tune,
"Then I can't mar - ry you, my pretty maid! Then I can't mar - ry you,
my pret - ty maid?" "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "Yes, if you please, kind Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "My fa - ther's a farm - er, Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid?" "My face is my for - tune, Sir," she said,
my pret - ty maid!" "No - bod - y asked you, Sir," she said,
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "I'm go - ing a - milk - ing, Sir" she said.
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "Yes, if you please, kind Sir" she said.
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "My fa - ther's a farm - er, Sir" she said.
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "My face is my for - tune, Sir" she said.
"Sir," she said, "Sir," she said, "No - bod - y asked you, Sir" she said.

GREEN GRAVEL



Green grav - el, green grav - el, your grass is so green The
 fair - est young dam - sel that ev - er was seen. We washed her, we
 dried her, we_ clothed her in silk, And we wrote down her name with a_
 gold pen and ink. O An - nie, O An - nie, your true love is
 dead, And we send you a let - ter to_ turn round your head.

BILLY BOY



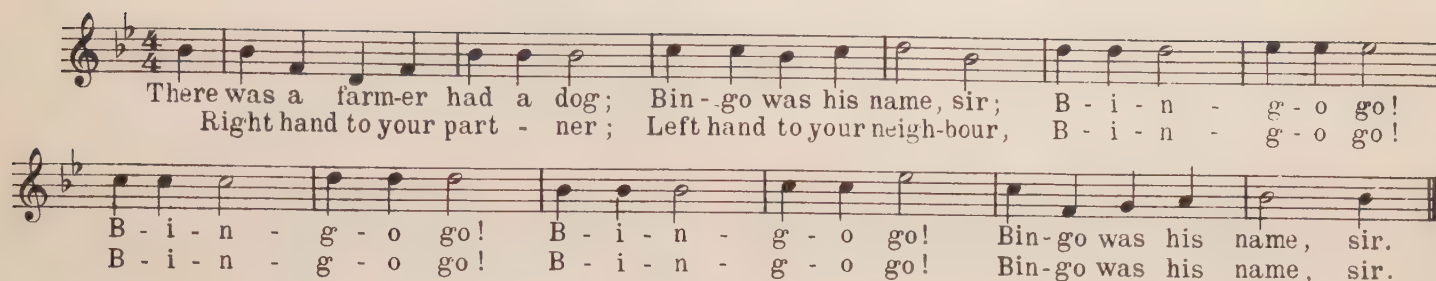
Where are you go - ing, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?
 make a cher - ry pie, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy? Can she
 oft - en seen in church, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy? Is she
 How tall is she, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?
 How old is she, Bil - ly Boy, Bil - ly Boy?

Where are you go - ing, charm-ing Bil - ly?
 make a cher-ry pie, charm-ing Bil - ly?
 oft - en seen in church, charm-ing Bil - ly?
 How tall is she, — charm-ing Bil - ly?
 How old is she, — charm-ing Bil - ly?

I am going to see my wife; she's the
 Yes, she can make a cher-ry pie quick as
 Yes, she's oft - en seen in church, with a
 She is tall as an y pine, and straight
 She's three times seven twen - ty -

joy_ of my life; But she's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er. 2 Can she
 you can wink an eye, But she's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er. 3 Is she
 bon-net white as perch, But she's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
 as a pump-kin vine, But she's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.
 - eight_ and e - leven, But she's a young thing and can - not leave her moth - er.

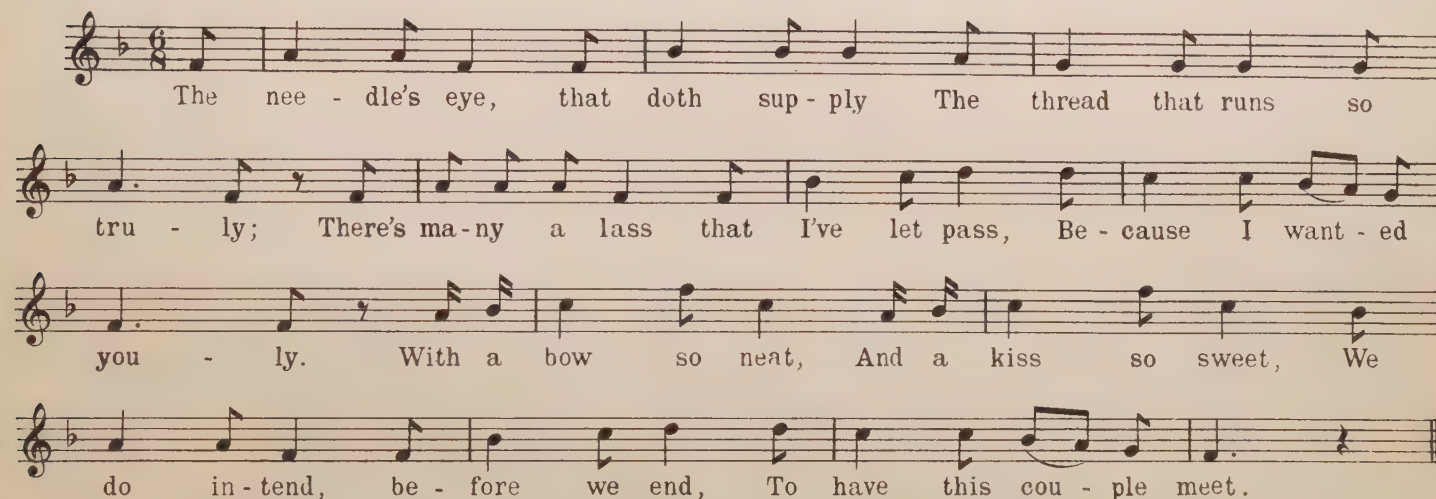
BINGO



There was a farm-er had a dog; Bin-go was his name, sir; B - i - n - g - o go!
 Right hand to your part - ner; Left hand to your neigh-bour, B - i - n - g - o go!

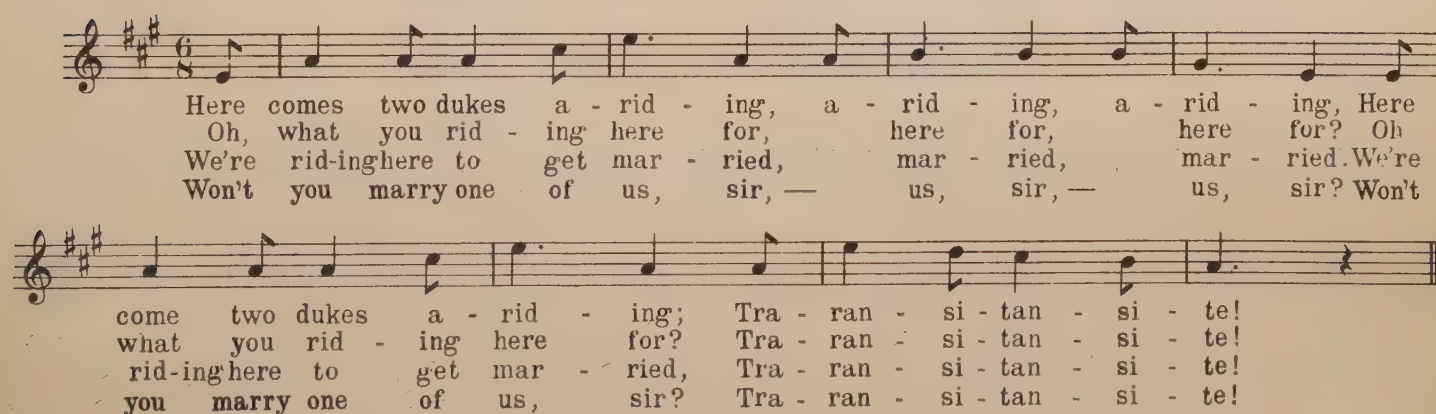
B - i - n - g - o go! B - i - n - g - o go! Bin-go was his name, sir.
 B - i - n - g - o go! B - i - n - g - o go! Bin-go was his name, sir.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE



The nee - dle's eye, that doth sup - ply The thread that runs so
 tru - ly; There's ma - ny a lass that I've let pass, Be - cause I want - ed
 you - ly. With a bow so neat, And a kiss so sweet, We
 do in - tend, be - fore we end, To have this cou - ple meet.

THREE DUKES WENT A-RIDING



Here comes two dukes a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, a - rid - ing, Here
 Oh, what you rid - ing here for, here for, here for? Oh
 We're rid-ing here to get mar - ried, mar - ried, mar - ried. We're
 Won't you marry one of us, sir, — us, sir, — us, sir? Won't

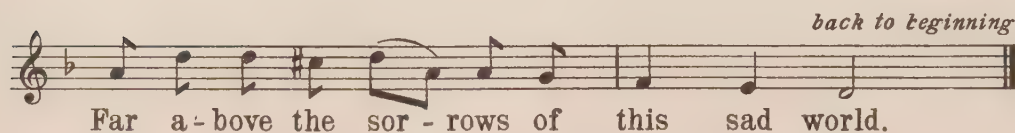
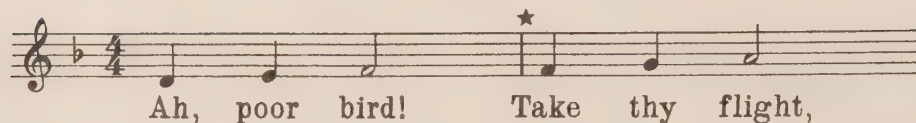
come two dukes a - rid - ing; Tra - ran - si - tan - si - te!
 what you rid - ing here for? Tra - ran - si - tan - si - te!
 rid-ing here to get mar - ried, Tra - ran - si - tan - si - te!
 you marry one of us, sir? Tra - ran - si - tan - si - te!

You're all too black and greasy, greasy, greasy,
 You're all too black and greasy,
 Tra-ransi-tansi-te!

[down the hall,
 Then up the kitchen and down the hall, down the hall,
 Then up the kitchen and down the hall,
 Tra-ransi-tansi-te!

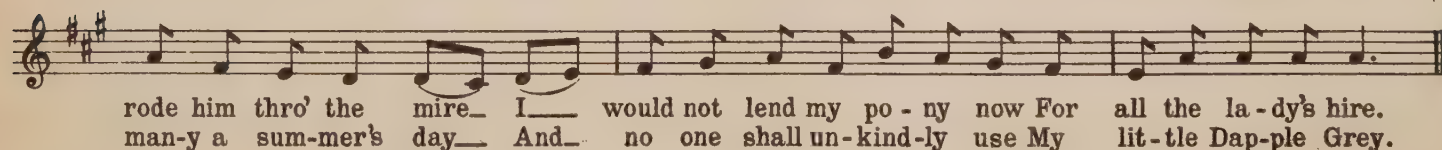
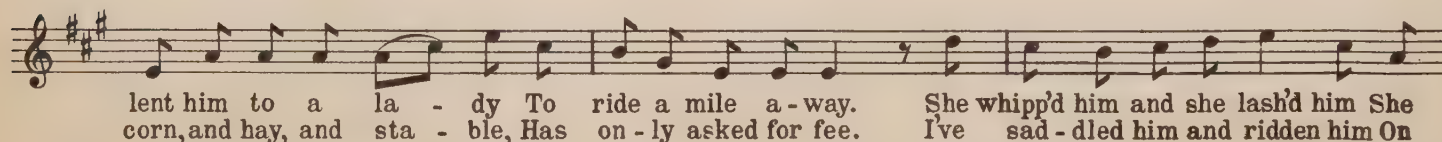
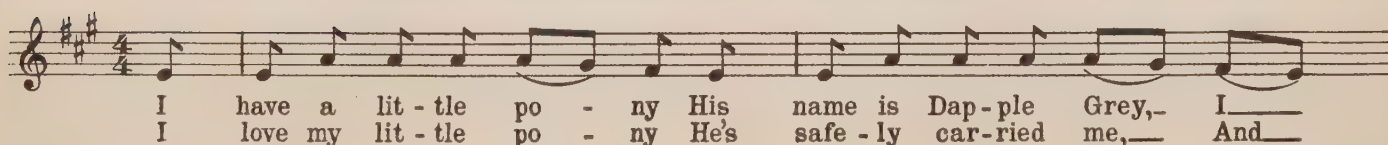
Choose the fairest one of all, one of all, one of all,
 Choose the fairest one of all,
 Tra-ransi-tansi-te!

AH, POOR BIRD

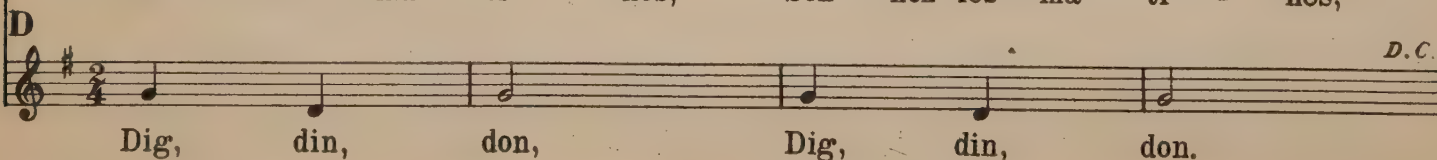
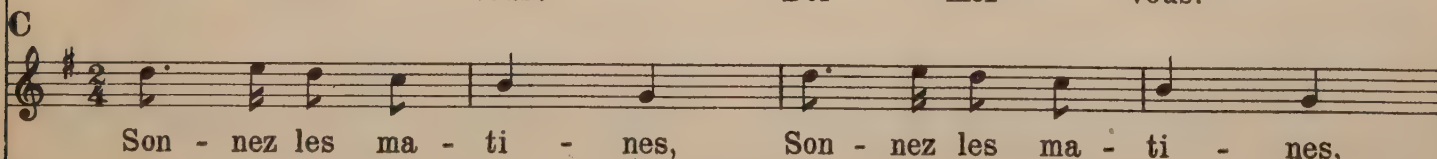
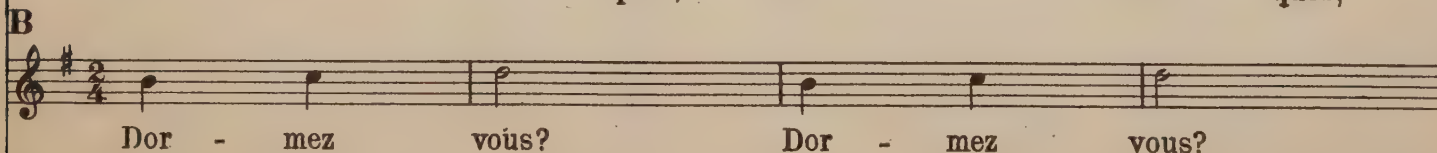
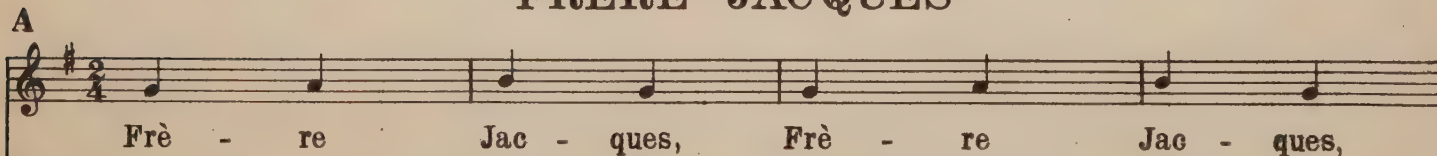


* 2nd, 3rd and 4th voices enter when the previous voice has reached here.

I HAVE A LITTLE PONY



FRÈRE JACQUES



D. C.

This Air is for four voices. When the first voice arrives at letter B, the second commences at A, the first continuing. When the second voice arrives at B, the third commences at A, and so on. When the first voice arrives at end of line D, the singer may re-start at A, forming an endless round.

DING DONG BELL

Ding dong bell! Pus-sy's in the well! Who put her in? Lit - tle Tom-my Green.
 Who pulled her out? Lit - tle Tom-my Stout. What a naugh-ty boy was that. To
 drown poor pussy cat, Who ne'er did an - y harm, But killed all the mice in — Fa - ther's barn.

DOCTOR FOSTER WENT TO GLOSTER

Doc - tor Fos - ter went_ to Gos - ter In a show-er of rain, — He
 slipp'd in a pud-dle right up to his mid-dle And did - n't go there a - gain! —

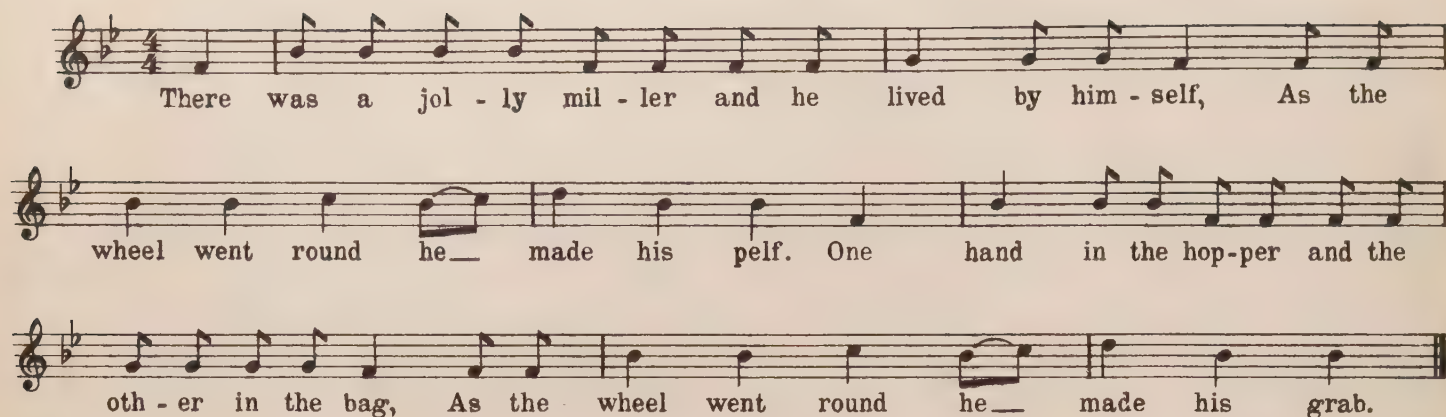
HEY DIDDLE DUMPLING

Hey Did-dle Dump-ling, my son John, He went to his bed with his stock-ings on.
 One shoe off and the o-ther shoe on, Hey Did-dle Dump-ling, my son John.

I HAD A LITTLE NUT-TREE

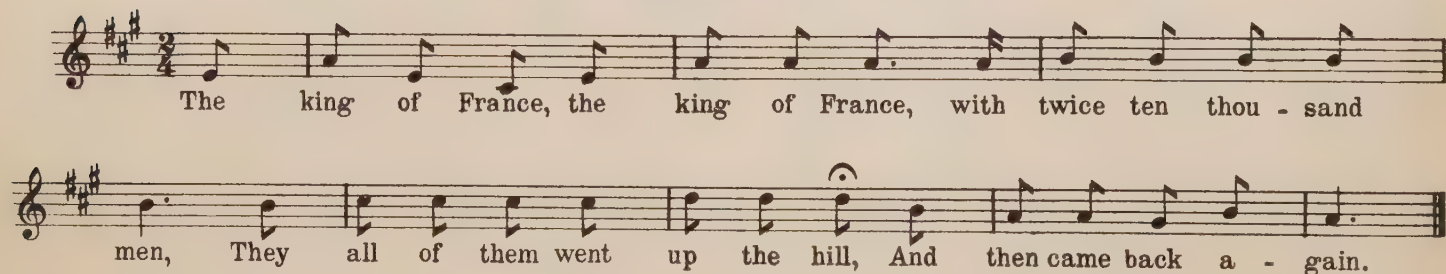
I had a lit - tle nut - tree No - thing would it bear
 But a sil - ver nut - meg And a gold - en pear. The king of Spain's daugh - ter
 Came to vis - it me, And all — for the sake of my lit-tle nut - tree.

THE JOLLY MILLER



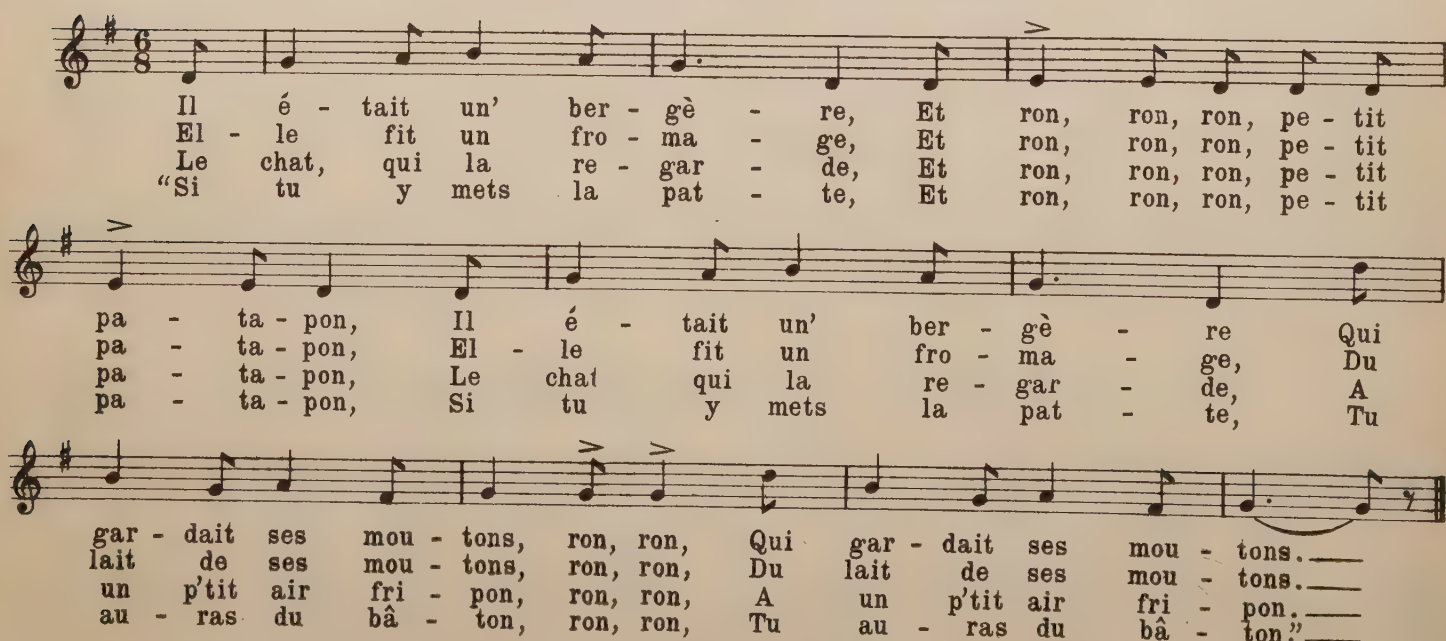
There was a jol - ly mil - ler and he lived by him - self, As the
wheel went round he — made his pelf. One hand in the hop-per and the
oth - er in the bag, As the wheel went round he — made his grab.

THE KING OF FRANCE



The king of France, the king of France, with twice ten thou - sand
men, They all of them went up the hill, And then came back a - gain.

IL ÉTAIT UNE BERGÈRE



Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re, Et ron, ron, ron, pe - tit
El - le fit un fro - ma - ge, Et ron, ron, ron, pe - tit
Le chat, qui la re - gar - de, Et ron, ron, ron, pe - tit
"Si tu y mets la pat - te, Et ron, ron, ron, pe - tit

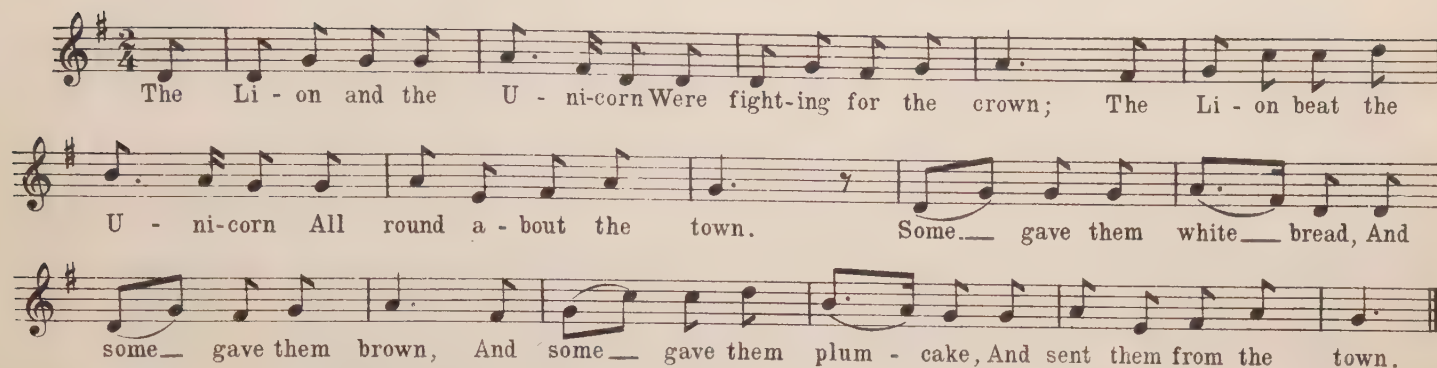
pa - ta - pon, Il é - tait un' ber - gè - re Qui
pa - ta - pon, El - le fit un fro - ma - ge, Du
pa - ta - pon, Le chat qui la re - gar - de, A
pa - ta - pon, Si tu y mets la pat - te, Tu

gar - dait ses mou - tons, ron, ron, Qui gar - dait ses mou - tons.
lait de ses mou - tons, ron, ron, Du lait de ses mou - tons.
un p'tit air fri - pon, ron, ron, A un p'tit air fri - pon.
au - ras du bâ - ton, ron, ron, Tu au - ras du bâ - ton."

Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
Il n'y mit pas la patte,
Il y mit le menton,
Ron, ron,
Il y mit le menton.

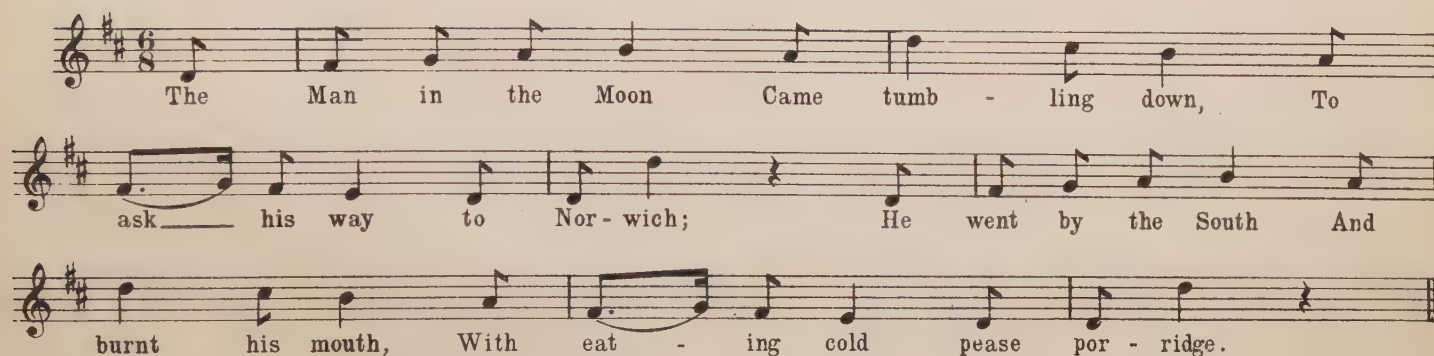
La Bergère en colère,
Et ron, ron, ron, petit patapon,
La Bergère en colère,
Battit son p'tit chaton,
Ron, ron,
Battit son p'tit chaton.

THE LION AND THE UNICORN



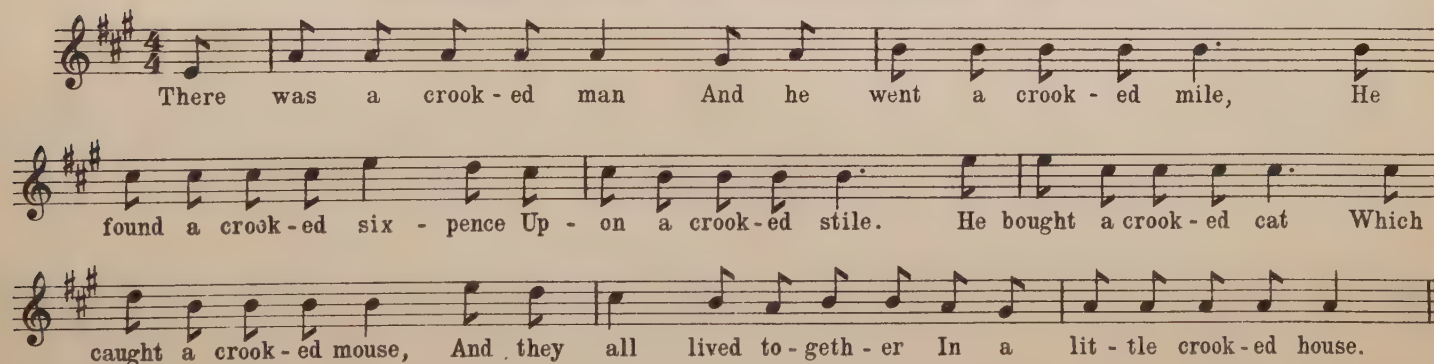
The Li - on and the U - ni-corn Were fight-ing for the crown; The Li - on beat the
U - ni-corn All round a - bout the town. Some— gave them white— bread, And
some— gave them brown, And some— gave them plum - cake, And sent them from the town.

THE MAN IN THE MOON



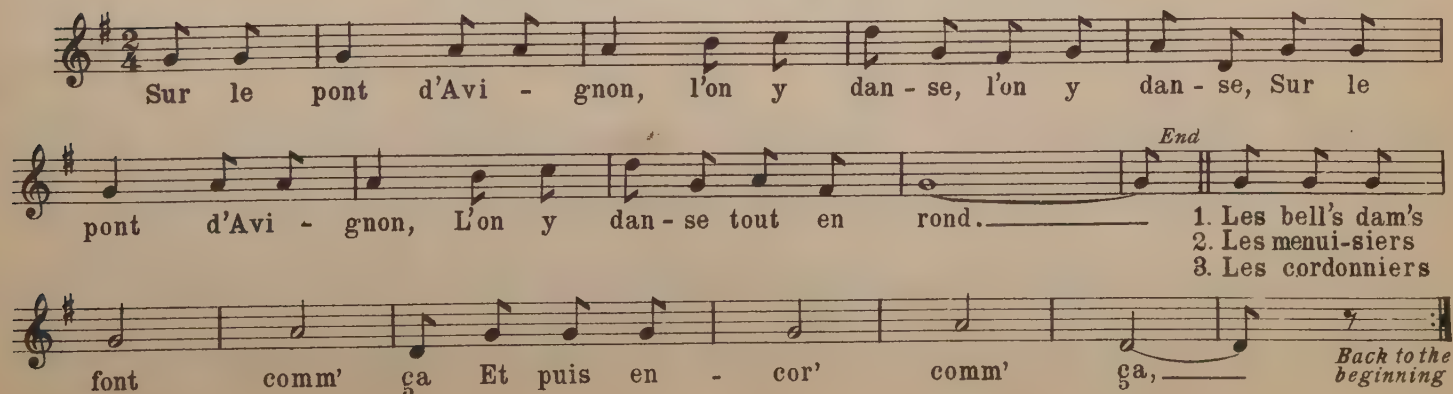
The Man in the Moon Came tumb - ling down, To
ask— his way to Nor - wich; He went by the South And
burnt his mouth, With eat - ing cold pease por - ridge.

THERE WAS A CROOKED MAN



There was a crook - ed man And he went a crook - ed mile, He
found a crook-ed six - pence Up - on a crook-ed stile. He bought a crook - ed cat Which
caught a crook - ed mouse, And they all lived to - geth - er In a lit - tle crook - ed house.

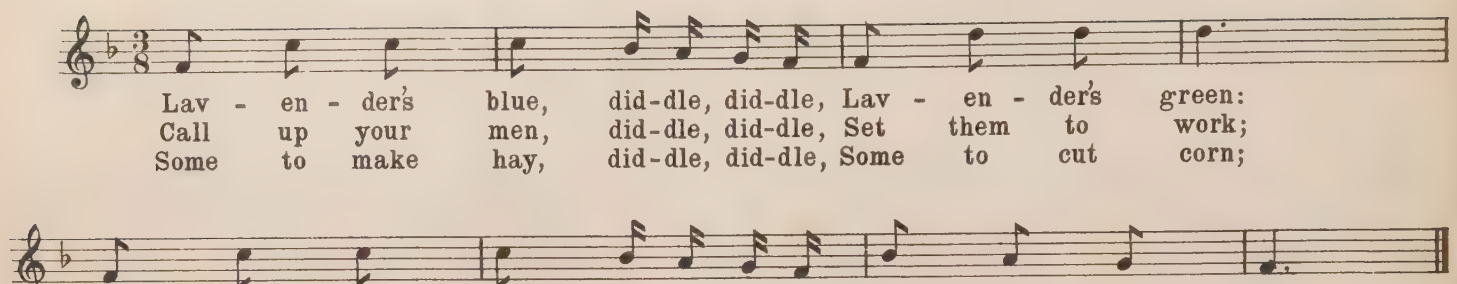
SUR LE PONT D'AVIGNON



Sur le pont d'Avi - gnon, l'on y dan - se, l'on y dan - se, Sur le
pont d'Avi - gnon, L'on y dan - se tout en rond. *End*
font comm' ga Et puis en - cor' comm' ga, *Back to the beginning*

1. Les bell's dam's
2. Les menui-siers
3. Les cordonniers

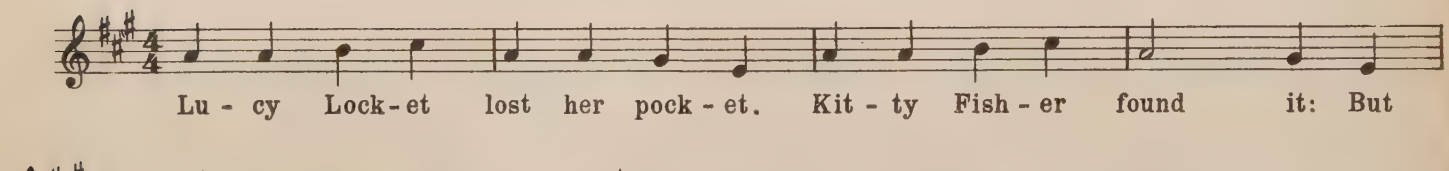
LAVENDER'S BLUE



Lav - en - der's blue, did-dle, did-dle, Lav - en - der's green:
 Call up your men, did-dle, did-dle, Set them to work;
 Some to make hay, did-dle, did-dle, Some to cut corn;

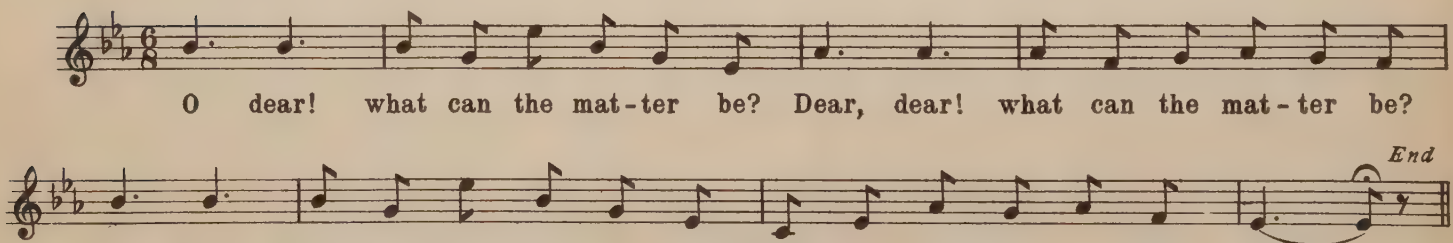
When I am king, did-dle, did-dle, You shall be queen.
 Some to the plough, did-dle, did-dle, Some to the cart.
 Whilst you and I, did-dle, did-dle, Keep our - selves warm.

LUCY LOCKET



Lu - cy Lock-et lost her pock - et. Kit - ty Fish - er found it: But
 ne'er a pen - ny was there in't, Ex - cept the bind - ing round it.

OH DEAR! WHAT CAN THE MATTER BE?



O dear! what can the mat-ter be? Dear, dear! what can the mat-ter be?

O dear! what can the mat-ter be? John-ny's so long at the fair. *End*

He pro-mis'd to buy me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He
 He pro-mis'd he'd bring me a bas-ket of pos-ies, A

pro-mis'd to buy me a bunch of blue rib-bons, He pro-mis'd to buy me a
 gar-land of lil-ies, a gar-land of ros-es, A lit-tle straw hat, to set

bunch of blue rib-bons, To tie up my bon-ny brown hair. *back to beginning*
 off the blue rib-bons, That tie up my bon-ny brown hair. And it's

THERE WAS A LADY LOVED A SWINE

There was a la - dy loved a swine, "Hon - ey," said she!
 "I'll build thee a sil - ver sty, "Hon - ey," said she!
 "Pin - ned with a sil - ver pin, "Hon - ey," said she!
 "Wilt thou have me now, "Hon - ey," said she!

"Pig - hog, wilt thou be mine?" "Hunc!" said he.
 "And in it thou shalt lie" "Hunc!" said he.
 "That thou may'st go out and in" "Hunc!" said he.
 "Speak, or my heart will break!" "Hunc!" said he.

BAA! BAA! BLACK SHEEP

"Baa! Baa! Black sheep have you an - y wool?" "Yes sir,
 Yes sir, Three bags full; One for my mas - ter, and
 one for my dame, But none for the lit - tle boy That cries in the lane!"

I LOVE SIXPENCE

I love six - pence, I love six - pence, I love six - pence bet - ter than my life.
 Oh, my four - pence, I love four - pence, I love four - pence bet - ter than my life.
 Oh, my two - pence, I love two - pence, I love two - pence bet - ter than my life.
 Oh, my no - thing, I love no - thing, What will no - thing buy for my wife?

I spent a penny of it, I lent an - o - ther, And I took four - pence home to my wife.
 I spent a penny of it, I spent an - o - ther, And I took two - pence home to my wife.
 I spent a penny of it, I spent an - o - ther, And I took no - thing home to my wife.
 I have no - thing, I spend no - thing, I love no - thing better than my wife!

LONDON BRIDGE

Lon - don Bridge is brok - en down, Dance o - ver my La - dy Lee:
 How shall we build it up a - gain? Dance o - ver my La - dy Lee:
 Silver and gold will be stolen a - way, Dance o - ver my La - dy Lee:
 Build it up with iron and steel, Dance o - ver my La - dy Lee:

Lon - don Bridge is brok - en down, With a gay la - dye.
 How shall we build it up a - gain? With a gay la - dye.
 Silver and gold will be stolen a - way, With a gay la - dye.
 Build it up with iron and steel, With a gay la - dye.

Iron and steel will bend and bow,
 Dance, etc.

Build it up with wood and clay,
 Dance, etc.

Wood and clay will wash away,
 Dance, etc.

THERE WAS A MAN OF THESSALY

There was a man of Thes - sa - ly And he was won - drous wise, — He
 jumped in - to a quick - set hedge And scratched out both his eyes. But
 when he found his eyes were out, With all his might and main He
 jumped in - to an - oth - er hedge, And scratched them in a - gain!

THREE WISE MEN OF GOTHAM

Thee wise men of Go - tham Went to sea in a bowl;
 Had the bowl been strong - er My tale had been long - er.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE

Wee Wil - lie Win - kie, rins thro' the toun,
 up - stairs and down - stairs in his night gown, Tir - ling at the win - dow,
 cry - ing at the lock "Are the weans in their bed, For it's now ten o' clock?"

